# Chatelaine The Canadian Woman's Magazine Chatelaine

FIFTEEN CENTS





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SPANS THE WORLD

## Your Cold...

#### the part germs play and precautions against them



Can you avoid catching cold?

And if you do catch one is it possible to reduce its severity?

Oftentimes—YES.

It is now believed by outstanding members of the medical profession that colds and their complications are frequently produced by a combination of factors working together.

1. That an unseen virus, entering through the nose or mouth, probably starts many colds.

2. That the so-called "Secondary Invaders," a potentially troublesome group of bacteria, including germs of the pneumonia and streptococcus types, then can complicate a cold by staging a "mass invasion" of throat tissues.

3. That anything which lowers body resistance, such as cold feet, wet feet, fatigue, exposure to sudden temperature changes, may not only make the work of the virus easier but encourage the "mass invasion" of germs.

#### Tests Showed Fewer Colds

The time to strike a cold is at its very outset...to go after the surface germs before they go after you ...to fight the "mass invasion" of the tissue before it becomes serious.

The ability of Listerine Antiseptic as a germ-killing agent needs no elaboration. Important to you, however, is the impressive record against colds made by Listerine Antiseptic in tests made over a 12-year period. Here is what this test data revealed:

ening in character.

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder colds, and fewer sore throats, than those who did not gargle with Listerine Antiseptic.

This, we believe, was due largely to Listerine Antiseptic's ability to attack germs on mouth and throat surfaces.

#### Gargle Early and Often

We would be the last to suggest that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is infallibly a means of arresting an oncoming cold.

However, a Listerine Antiseptic gargle is one of the finest precautionary aids you can take. Its germkilling action may help you overcome the infection in its early stages.

Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Can.) Ltd. Toronto, Ontario Foreword and Footnotes

HERE'S a letter on our desk from Oslo, dated many weeks ago, and signed by "one of the New Norsk." It's a gratifying protest about the lack of Canadian reading matter on Norwegian newsstands. "What wouldn't I give to be able to buy a Canadian home publication, even if it meant 'January in June!' I'm still saving my last December issue which I brought with me. The cover is so typically Chatelaine and cosily Canadian; I'm sure I'll enjoy reading it all over again this Christmas." Dear New Norsk—If and when this 1946 Christmas issue reaches you (probably when you're putting your skates away in moth balls) we hope it's going to merit that same comment: "typically Chatelaine and cosily Canadian." We've tried hard!

One of our very special features to mark the season is offered on pages 8 and 9. To enjoy it to the full, you'll need a piano and two or three fresh young voices; once you've experimented, we think you'll be happy to add "Little Ones' Carol" to your Christmas repertoire. It's an all-Canadian production: the music by Ethel L. Kindy (right), and the verses by Janet Craig-James (below), both of Niagara Falls, Ont.

Miss Kindy was born "on the other side" of the Falls, but, with her parents, crossed over to the Ontario bank at an early age. Her musical studies began in Binghamton, N.Y., and took her eventually to the Juilliard School





in New York. She holds a Licentiate diploma in singing from the Trinity College of Music, London, England.

Janet Craig-James, caught in profile at her typewriter, was born 34 years ago in Scotland; grew up in England, and in her late teens settled in Canada. Her hobbies are her children—Doug, aged 11, and Jan Elizabeth, going on 10 — the family's black spaniel, Demon; and music, "but in an appreciative capacity only."

Janet Craig-James' poems, marked with a charming gift of rhythm as well

as thoughtful content, have appeared frequently in the pages of Chatelaine.

Her burning ambition at the moment, she confesses is to collaborate with Miss Kindy on the various carols now on hand, with the hope that they may be published in book form . . . Good luck!

As you can't rightly celebrate Christmas without festive

As you can't rightly celebrate Christmas without festive food, we earnestly commend to your attention our House-keeping columns this month. A good deal of "lab" work lurks behind those recipes. F'rinstance: seven plum puddings were made in Chatelaine Institute in order to arrive at the final triumph; all were subjected to two taste tests-first when fresh-cooked and several weeks later after storing and resteaming. The palest of the lot won, both times; it's a deep beige in color, studded with fruit, with a texture soft as a whisper and a flavor to put a smile on the whole family, even after what's gone before!

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MADE IN CANADA

CHATELAINE for DECEMBER

# by Elsie Fry Laurence

TELL, CHILDREN, suppose you bring me your lists." Miss Macey swept her class of seven-year-olds with a benevolent smile.

WELL, CHILDREN, suppose you bring me your lists." Miss Macey swept her class of seven-year-olds with a benevolent smile.

At her wits' end to keep everything under control on this last day of school, she had told them to write a list of the gifts they would like most for Christmas.

They would like most for Christmas.

They would like most for chewed pencil with which he had been stringling, and spread his small hand protectively over the stringling, and spread his small hand protectively over the stringling, and spread his small hand protectively over the stringling, and spread his small hand protectively over the grubly stringling and spread his small hand protectively over the grubly page of his scribbler.

There was a clatter of little boys' shoes and a tightly pigtatled girl.

There was a clatter of little boys' shoes and a tightly pigtatled girl.

There was a clatter of little boys' shoes and a tightly pigtatled girl.

There was a clatter of little boys' shoes and a tightly pigtatled girl.

There was a clatter of little boys' shoes and a tightly pigtatled girl.

There was a clatter of little boys' shoes and a tightly pigtatled girl.

The boy's shoes and a whisk of shortly pigtatled girl.

Why, dear? To show your mother?

The boy's mouth

Continued on page 22.

The boy's mouth

Claus." Illustrated by Jack Bush.







There'll be smiles of pleasure from all the family this Christmas in the homes where new G-E Appliances are being unwrapped. Here's a family of sifes to give new comfort and convenience to every negotian the house nomes where new G-E Appliances are peing unwrapped. Here's a family of gifts to give new comfort and convenience to every person in the house of house there're thrifty to use dependable built to last they're thrifty to use, dependable, built to last ... and mexpensive to buy.

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# Independence

#### by Eva-Lis Wuorio

time Josie had a date with Harold. And Harold. Harold would be in the city. Perhaps that was the main reason she wanted so desperately to stay.

He was so tall and big and quiet. The sort of a fellow that sneaked into your affections by his very steadiness and refused to be shaken off. Not as much fun in him as in some of the fellows at the factory, but when he looked at you! Josie's toes curled at the mere memory. And she'd been so certain he was about to speak, to really propose, instead of this silent understanding they seemed to have. Last night now, she remembered the way he'd looked when he called for her—why, Van Johnson couldn't have done better, nor even that old Clark Gable. And then, just like that, he'd begun to get quieter and quieter—the way he usually was when Lettie went with them-and listen to her with the queer, indrawn Mrs. Scott look on his face.

Josie was standing by the stove absently stirring the porridge, wondering whether perhaps it was like

Lettie said that he didn't like the idea of her being a maid, when Judy, the eldest, banged through the door, fastening her tunic belt. "Hi, Josie," she said, and grinned. "Guess what

David said to me just now—you know, he's a bit shy. He said he thought it was swell you were beginning to be one of the family. He didn't mind coming down in the mornings now.

"I'm not one of the family," Josie made herself say, remembering Lettie's warning, "They'll try to work around you, Josie, they'll pull the old chestnut about you being one of the family and then they'll ask you to stay in on your day off." She just bad to hold onto her independence, for Harold's sake, Josie felt, and continued firmly, "This is just another job to me. And I'm not taking on anything out of hours either."

For a moment her eyes lit on Judy's sobered young face, and then Judy turned and went quickly and quietly into the dining room. Josie swallowed. She couldn't figure out why she suddenly felt so badly.

She went upstairs right after breakfast and changed into the green uniform. Then she sat down at the white little dressing table and took off her red nail

personal things like that. Josie was singing when she went downstairs again.

It wasn't until Friday morning after her Thursday night off that the children spoke to her again. They had seemed to keep out of her way purposely.

Judy and David were in the kitchen fully dressed when she came down, and there was a little heap of . burned toast on the sink and milk spilled on the table.

"Mummy's still not feeling very well," Judy said. "You know she had to lie down right after lunch

yesterday."
"We got the dinner," David said. "And we took it up to her too.

"Did you have an important appointment?" Judy asked curiously. "Yesterday?"

It had been a miserable evening. Harold hadn't been able to get away from his new job at the garage and that had seemed to make Lettie furious, and they'd seen a lousy show and then she'd got into an

argument with Lettie afterward. An important appointment, my eye! "Why?" she asked uneasily. "With mummy sick and all," David put in quickly. It was right on Josie's tongue to say, "It was my day off, wasn't it!" but the steady wide grey eyes of young David and the clear gaze of Judy somehow stopped her. "Yes"—her tongue thickened with the lie—"I had an—an appointment."
"I thought so," Judy said gaily, "otherwise you wouldn't have gone. I told David."

They are at the kitchen table, and then Judy said: I'll take up a tray for mummy before I go.'

Trays! Josie thought. Lettie'd warned her against that, too—"They'll lie in bed, wanting you to wait on them, but don't you ever start it or you'll be bathing them next."—Lettie, with her quick eager eyes



N THE moment of awakening the green-dappled light puzzled Josie. She reached out of sleep for the magic that had turned the musty darkness of her down town boardinghouse room into this. And then she remembered.

With the flooding memory she remembered all-how funny and distant Harold had been, and her resentment at the uniform, and Mrs. Scott-goldarn Mrs. Scott! She swung herself on the edge of her bed and rubbed her eyes. The room tilted into focus before her. The dormer windows with the sun pouring through the spring green branches that almost came into the room, the neat white dresser, the trim white chairs. And the uniform. The green "morning dress" with short sleeves and white collar and the apron laid over the back of the chair.

She pushed it aside and slipped into a cotton print. Lettie no doubt was right about uniforms; after all Lettie'd had experience. "They want you to wear Lettie'd had experience. "They want you to wear the monkey suit so you'll know your place," Lettie had told her, squashing Josie's own first reaction of relief at having her work clothes provided for her at no cost. As she ran down the back stairs Lettie's voice kept ringing in her ears "... back stairs Lettles voice kept ringing in her ears "... back stairs too. They think you're not good enough to use the stairs they use . . ." Josie sighed. It was difficult all right. She'd never have thought of all those important points herself.

Mrs. Scott was already in the kitchen, putting out the children's breakfast. She looked up and on her face was that curiously reserved look Josie resented, and yet, oddly, it reminded her of the look on Harold's face last night. The memory of that made her suddenly miserable and, with immediate unreasoning reaction, angry.

# Josie Versus

to do your work, too tired to get up early enough."
"You said my time was my own after I'd finished
the dinner dishes." Josie tossed her head, her perky curls bouncing, but the words were a parroted quote from Lettie.

"It is, Josie," Mrs. Scott said gently, "but you didn't go out every night even when you worked at the factory, did you?"

"When I was finished I was finished, and it was nobody's business what I did," Josie said, but she couldn't help suddenly remembering the dark room at the boardinghouse, the smell of their wet laundry

on the makeshift line by the bed, the crowded disorder.

Mrs. Scott swallowed a sigh. "Will you get the children's breakfast, please?" She paused at the door, "And you know that green uniform and dust cap I got you, that's for the mornings."

JOSIE BANGED the porridge bowls on the table, but somehow in her heart she wished Lettie hadn't advised her so strongly against "giving in." Her eyes were heavy and her feet still hurt from the too-small pumps she'd bought to please Harold-and then Harold

greening elm in the spring night and they'd talked—or perhaps she had grumbled, the way Harold said. She got out the bread and the toaster and the marmalade, and her mind kept pace with her quick footsteps. The terrible, homesick six months after she'd left the farm to come to work at the war factory. The gradual orientation, the accepting of city life as the only possible way of living even though the glamour had nearly all worn off, and then, the closing of the factory. She couldn't bear the thought of going back-back to the farm and cooking and chores and no money to buy the pretty things you wanted to wear and only Saturday nights for somewhere to go. The night she answered Mrs. Scott's advertisement and got the job, Lettie, with whom she roomed, told her what to expect and what to do.

Yet, oddly, Lettie had seemed sort of sorry that she hadn't gone back to the farm; Lettie with her hard wisdom accrued from a dozen different jobs; Lettie, who seemed to want to make it a threesome every









# ce a Princess

by Gloria Lee Hunton

Illustrated by Al Moore

lodges, with the snow just right, and with Raffie, the perfect escort, when

who should turn up but Tommy, the husband who had left her for good!

You said you would be crying all of the time." "I'll be crying if this place turns out to be inhabited like the North Pole," Connie said moodily.

"You have no need to worry when you are with me. I will see to everything. I have arranged that a Mr. Williams meet us. He should be here now."

It was possible to see the top of Connie's blond head, even though she was standing on a suitcase, and Raffie surveyed it protectively. Men's natural instinct was to protect Connie. Her wide-apart eyes and high childlike forehead made her look helpless, and through people's constant co-operation, she never had a chance to do anything for herself. It wasn't necessary, and gradually she forgot to try. Tom Smith had been attracted by her complete reliance on him, and her appealing way of saying, "I don't know how, Tommy, you'll have to help me," He had liked it through their two-week honeymoon. Then he had gone overseas. Three years later he came back, with a decoration and a muscle that twitched occasionally along his brown jaw, and he didn't seem to think helplessness the perfect trait.

ONE SUMMER afternoon, when they'd been back together a month, living at her parents' house because Connie couldn't find exactly the apartment and maid she wanted, Tom came home early from his new job. She was reading a new book in the garden and drinking a grape juice and crushed mint punch. Tom kissed her, and sank down on the grass beside her chair. His body under his new civilian suit was long and still too thin. He sighed and turned over on his back, and took a sip of the punch.

"What luck did you have today?" he asked.
"Lots now," she answered, although she knew

"Did you see that smart place on Elm Street?"
"Oh, I couldn't, Tommy. It's been just too hot

to move anywhere. Father sent his secretary over to see it, though."
"When do we move in?"

Connie clinked the ice in her drink against the sides of the heavy crystal glass. "It wasn't quite right for us. Somebody grabbed it up 10 minutes later, though. Honestly, in these days people will take anything with a bed."

"What was the matter with it? Was it like a zoo?"

"It was clean, but the kitchen was separated from the rest of the apartment, across the hall from the other rooms, I think."

Tom sat up. He pushed back the tongue of dark hair that fell over his eyes. "That sounds all right. I wouldn't mind that. In fact, you could burn biscuits without my knowing it."

"I want to start out with everything perfect," Connie said. "And in the meantime, I think it's nice living here, don't you? We couldn't afford such a nice place for years. We get everything done for us here."

Yes, I know it," Tom said. "We don't have to do anything. We don't have to hang curtains or arrange furniture, or have any little troubles like other married people. We're like guests at a country club. Oh, Connie, I've been telling you for a month how I feel about living here.

"That's a fine way to feel about mother and father letting us live here. I'm glad to know how you feel about our home."

Tom got slowly to his feet and leaning above her, he put one brown lean hand on the arm of the striped deckchair. He waved the other at the privet hedges and the rich beds of flowers, at the snowball bushes, glossy lawn and trees surrounding the big house. "Our home? This isn't our home. It's

somebody else's, all ready-made. I want to make a home with you, Connie, our own home, even if the kitchen's in the next block. That's the way, I used to think of you overseas. I used to imagine you in one of those fluffy aprons you see in the ads, cooking, or sometimes even sweeping. Sometimes I can hardly remember we're married, sitting across the table from each other talking to your parents. I haven't even seen the kitchen!"

"What's wrong with eating dinner and being waited on?" Connie's fingers were tensely gripping the glass.

Nothing, but it's not mine. I didn't order it. I want to earn what I get. Don't you see?" The muscle moved along his jaw.

Her heart was fast in her chest, and in spite of the hot summer afternoon, she felt suddenly cold. She did see, but she was frightened. The thing she wanted most in the world was a home with Tom, but she didn't know how to make it. She was afraid of failing and of having Tom discover her inadequacy.

"I sometimes think you don't really want to be alone with me," Tom said, and his dark eyes were studying her as though she were a stranger. about getting on the ball, Connie? Now I'm out of the Air Force I'd like to feel that I've got something of my own. How about finding a place that's ours?'

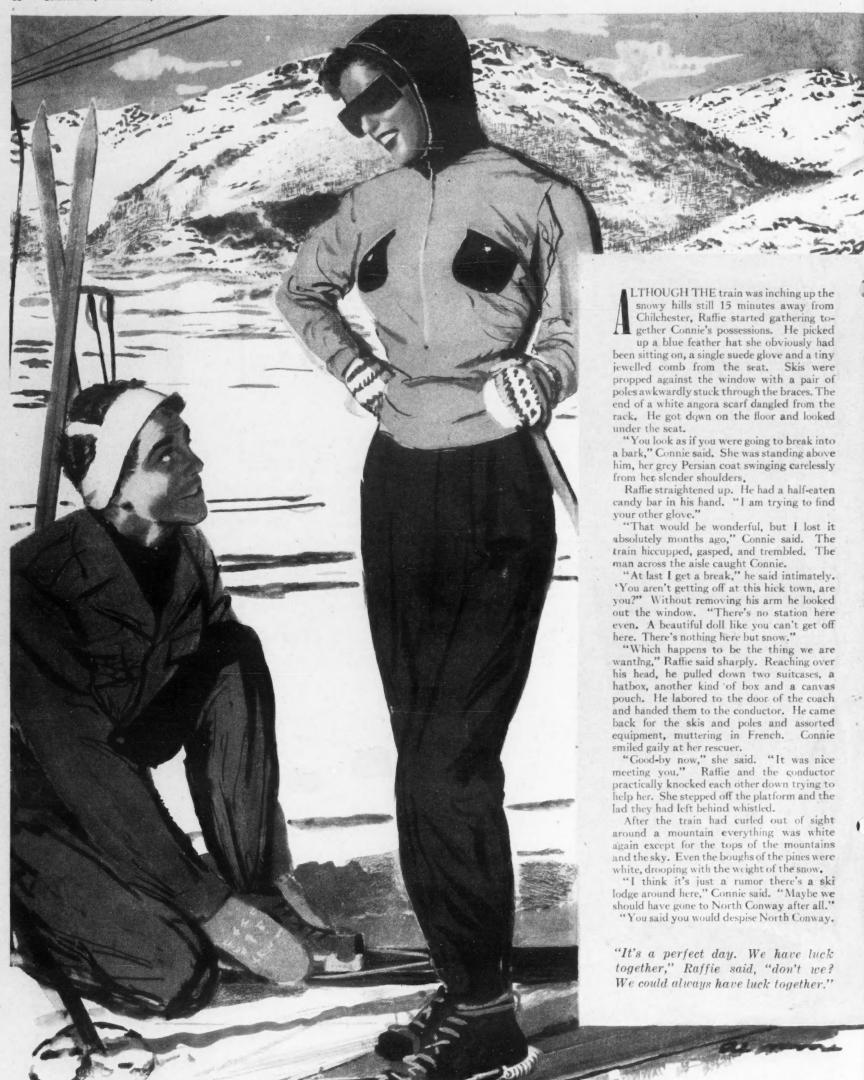
She put the glass down on the grass because her hands were shaking. All the months Tom had been away she had dreamed of the home they would make together, but now she almost dreaded it. She was afraid to fly from the nest and have Tom find that her wings were weak.

The words that rushed to her lips sprouted from fear. "You expect quite a lot, wanting me to go live in some horrid little place and cook and clean all day and not have any fun just because you want to show your independence. It's the most selfish thing I've ever heard of. I don't know how you can expect it."

For a moment he looked stunned, bending above her with his shoulders square against the sky, and "Selfish wanting a wife then his face hardened. instead of a princess? All right, I'm selfish. Let me know when you want to descend from the throne.' Then he had left.

That had been August; now it was January. At first she expected to hear from him, then she desperately hoped she would, and finally she wanted to go to him. But she hadn't. The resentful words had come from a doubt of herself, and the doubt remained, strangling her wish to explain and apologize. Tom no longer wanted the sort of girl she had been brought up to be. He didn't think she was a desirable type of femininity as Raffie did, who would tell her in his slightly high, foreign voice, 'You are the kind of & Continued on page 82

what he meant. No wonder Connie was furious. Here she was, at one of the smartest ski







URRY, hurry, hurry," Gran said, turning to regard her granddaughter merrily; "that's all we do in this house any more. Eh, Cely?"

Standing on tiptoe, Cely put the glasses in the cupboard. On Saturday night they did not set

the table for next morning's breakfast. They put everything away in a festive mood. This was the evening for play. Even Gran whirled a little, now, in tune with the gay radio music from the living room.
"It's my fault. I was late," Cely said contritely. "But something unexpected came up at the laboratory this afternoon, an experiment we hadn't expected to do until next week-and I had to take down the notesand-Gran!"

"Here, you have forgotten a glass."
"Gran!" Cely repeated breathlessly.

But the old lady did not notice anything strange in her voice. "Yes, Cely?"

And Cely lost courage. Cely said something she had not intended saying. "Won't you be lonely, Gran, with everybody gone to the movies this evening? Cely's eyes lit up with sudden hope. Her eyes were grey with black jewel centres. "I mean, maybe you'd like to come with us? With Clem and me?"

She did not say, please. She did not say, please, it's

important. Only her eyes added that.

"Ah, my," Gran said, chuckling. Gran was stout and sweet and quite hopelessly near-sighted. She wore her hair in a tight silver knot atop her head. "What would you want with the likes of me, Cely, you and your nice young man?" She handed Cely the last pot to be stored underneath the sink.

Cely ducked hastily. Her throat felt hot. Her face felt hot. Her whole body was feverishly, unnaturally

excited. She could not say aloud what she had to say.
"Oh, Gran. Be nice. Come with us."
Her grandmother laughed. "You are the sweet one, Cely. But no-no!" She untied her apron and stored it in the drawer where the clean dishcloths were kept. "I will go to my room and listen a little to my radio. Gran said, engrossed in her own world, not seeing Cely, not really knowing Cely. "An old one, Cely, dreams of time past. Once I had a blue dress. Such a dress! Blue like the sky it was, Cely. I went to my first dance and slept the rest of the night in an attic with 20 other girls. The boys slept in the hayloft." Gran interrupted herself: "Here is Margaret looking almost as happy as I did in my blue dress.'

Margaret came flying down the back stairs. Gran pinched her cheek fondly, and then toiled slowly up

the carpeted stairs.

"Why does Gran do that?" Margaret said, rubbing her cheek furiously. "I'm not a baby. I'm 15 and she acts—" Margaret was on the verge of

"Darling," Cely said; Cely kept her face sober. "To Gran you are almost a baby." Margaret was seven years younger than Cely. Margaret was still all years younger than Cely. Margaret was still all yearning legs and arms, and bangs, and braces on her teeth.

She wasn't pretty. She wrung Cely's heart.
"I've got to get going," Margaret said, pulling on bright red-fox mittens. "The gang's waiting down on the corner. Cely," Margaret said, hesitating, "do I look all right?"

"Darling," Cely said, "you're splendid. You're scrubbed and you smell of violets, and Teddy Browning will turn handsprings over you." Cely smiled, so that one corner of her small mouth was tucked up

secretly under her round pale-ivory cheek.
"Cely, Cely, Cely," Margaret said, flinging herself upon Cely and kissing the tip of her nose lightly. "I

hate you, Cely."

"I know. I lie awake nights about it."

Margaret turned with her hand on the back door

knob, grinning. "G'by."
"Good-by, yourself." Cely added firmly: "Home by 10, remember."

Margaret said, "I'll try."
"Margaret!" It was their mother's voice. They could hear her soft footsteps hurrying down the stairs. "Margaret, don't forget, 10 o'clock."

The girls exchanged glances. They knew, though they had never mentioned it between them, that Saturday night was a terrible time for their mother, a terrifying night.

"I'll try," Margaret shouted and banged the back

CELY WISHED she'd been quicker with the dishes. Cely wished she were upstairs taking her bath. Now was no time to see her mother. Quickly, Cely put the yellow pottery bowl of cacti on the centre of the table, and started for the stairs herself.
"Celia," Mrs. Brent said; they almost collided.

"Celia, am I all right? I'm so glad you're still down. Cely," Mrs. Brent said, more naturally, "how do I

Cely glanced nervously at the kitchen clock. "Clem promised to be here by eight, mother. I'll have to rush." Cely took two steps, and said and have to rush." Cely took two steps, and said over her shoulder, "Maybe you and daddy would like to wait and go with us."
"I would," her mother said tartly. "But your father

wouldn't. He likes to get to the show with the first

crowd."

Cely laughed. "I know."
"Celia," Mrs. Brent insisted, patiently.

So Cely turned fully and regarded her mother. The bright light in the kitchen showed her anxious waiting face. They were both very conscious of the radio music from the living room. The man of the house was there.

"It's a new dress, Cely."

Cely said, "It's lovely, mother."

"Do you think-"

"Daddy will love it. Wait and see. He'll love it."

Her mother was plump and had round dark eyes. The color in her round cheeks was real, was from the tension of the evening. "I hope he notices it." Brent frowned. "I don't think I'll wear a hat. Your father likes hats. But I thought I'd just take this scarf because it's so cold. I don't see why I should freeze simply because your father likes-

Ann," Mr. Brent said in a hearty high voice from the living room. The radio music ended abruptly.

"Ann, are you ready?"
"Coming," Mrs. Brent called. Cely came back down the steps and helped her mother into her coat. They weren't hurrying. They

were both somewhat reluctant. Mrs. Brent buttoned the coat snugly in front, and Cely smoothed out the wrinkles in the back.

"Ann!" Mr. Brent rattled the front door explosively. "For heaven's sake, Ann, are you coming today or next week?"

"Today, dear," Mrs. Brent kissed Cely on the forehead. "Why, Celia. You're tired."

Cely smiled that secret tucked-in smile. "A little. Things were awfully heetic today, and . . . mother!" From the front room her father's voice pleaded, "Ann!"

Her mother said, ignoring the voice, "Celia. Never marry. Never, Celia!

She had heard this before. She had heard all of this before, many times. "Never, mother?" Cely asked

playfully.
"Perhaps," her mother said, tying the white chiffon scarf under her chin, "perhaps when you're old enough to know. I was too young. I didn't know—anything." Mrs. Brent flung up her plump hands. "I give your father everything, and it's never enough. I won't have you in the same boat. If I thought you were serious about a man I'd stop it, Cely. I've warned you, now

"Mother, yes. Yes. You mustn't excite yourself." Cely sighed. "You'll quarrel with daddy again." "But you have sense." Mrs. Brent smiled archly.

"You're going to keep on earning your own money, and being independent—"

Mr. Brent shouted: "Ann."

HER MOTHER fled in disorder. Cely stood there in the bright kitchen until she heard them latch the front door securely. Their voices trailed away in the night. Then Cely raced upstairs to the bathroom.

She bathed. She changed into fresh things from skin out. She considered wearing a plaid taffeta dress. But that would be chilly. She needed something warm. She shivered, standing in front of the long mirror. So Cely wore a fawn wool dress, all clinging fullness for her slenderness. She hadn't her lipstick on when Clem Massey rang the doorbell, but she managed the lipstick with a steady hand.

Grabbing up her best coat and the scarlet beret, Cely raced down the front stairs. She flung back the door. "Hello," Cely cried gaily. Clem stood without

in the faint, faint moonlight.
Shyly he stepped inside. "I'm late," Clem said. He looked quickly at her hands and then at her face, searching for an answer to something.

"Oh, I'm glad. I was awfully rushed. I mean-Cely floundered helplessly. She spread her hands. The coat and the beret fell in a heap. "I mean, it gave me more time to dress.

He stooped to pick up her things, and Cely went down swiftly too. They bumped their heads. Their eyes met. His eyes were blue. They were slightly shadowed underneath, as if he were enormously tired. Their eyes held for the smallest possible fraction of a second. But it seemed an eternity.

It seemed that they went gathering stars. The stars were primroses. The stars were today and tomorrow, and especially now, all time gathered between them Continued on page 18 tenderly. +

I was right, I really thought so, terribly. How can a thing as right as that get so wrong, even in four years? What did I do, except what everybody said was best for him? How can it be so wrong for him now, when it's still so right for me?)

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She turned down a side street and paused for a moment at the window of a bakeshop. It looked like the Sugar-plum House—from where? The Wizard of Oz? Her eyes lit for a moment with a ghost of rapt delight left over from her childhood, but perhaps it was really the children in her day nursery who kept such things alive, now, in her heart. She looked at the fabulous cakes, birthday cakes, and with a little twinge of pain she remembered a birthday of a long time ago, four years ago. She had bought Phil a cake, an absurd and glittering thing, and they had laughed immoderately. They had carried it around all evening in cabs, dancing, and close to the dawn they had deposited it ceremoniously in Bishop Townsend's garden, on the sundial, for no reason whatever. But all that was in another world, another time.

THE ELEVATOR swished upward and deposited her on the twelfth floor of the building where Phil had his office. She walked slowly down the hall and stopped before the door which said: "John Philip Seton, Legal Adviser." She hesitated tentatively, and the feeling was unfamiliar to her. (I look like a broad hint, turning up at noon with a hungry look, as if I expected an invitation to lunch. Probably I should have stayed with my children, tending my knitting.)

frosted, with one candle burning on it. Phil sat grinning at it rather fixedly, and Miss Estey, his secretary, sat opposite him with wide and shining eyes.

sat opposite him with wide and shining eyes.

"Hello, Lucy." Phil lifted his rangy length from his chair and his dark eyes, with the still look now, met hers. He smiled, and it was the way people smiled at children and small animals. But his face turned from her quickly to Miss Estey. "Uh—Janet—Miss Estey—"

Lucy had known it immediately, anyhow. So it was "Janet," now, and she had brought him a birthday cake. She called up a smile and said, "Of course. How are you, Miss Estey? It was really sweet of you to think of it."

"She's got a long memory," Phil said. "She was brand-new with the firm the year I went off to the wars, but by golly, she remembered my birthday!"

A small silence descended, and Phil had the grace to look slightly uncomfortable. Miss Estey was very attractive, thought Lucy painfully. Warm brown eyes. Chestnut hair, smooth and glowing. A soft femininity to her, and quiet shapely hands. The hands moved a little in her lap, and she said, "Well, I guess it was sort of silly—"

guess it was sort of silly—"
"Not at all," Lucy said, "I can remember when I did elfin things like that myself." She faced the fact that it was absolutely impossible for her to say that she had called to wish Phil a happy birthday. But her voice went on, preposterously: "So now that the

pretty gesture has been—gesticulated—why don't you donate the cake to my nursery? I'm on my way back there—Martha Dawson is holding things down for me so I could get out to shop. The children will be having their lunch now, and a birthday cake with dessert will be very well taken . . ." She had the dubious satisfaction of seeing that Phil's face looked obscurely relieved, and Miss Estey's a little dashed.

Miss Estey rose to the occasion brightly, however, and began packing the cake back into its box. "I think it's a lovely idea, Miss Cummings," she said. "I didn't know you were keeping the nursery going now, but of course there are still lots of working mothers who need a place to leave their children."

Lucy looked at her bleakly. (She's being gracious about it, the way a woman is gracious when she thinks she doesn't have to feel like a rival. Stiffen the lip, Lucy, you can be that way, too, lost cause or no lost cause . . .) She said, "But it's a shame for me to pirate the cake. The children leave at five, and I'll save some of it. Why don't you and Phil"—she didn't look at him—"drop in at the nursery then? I'll brew you a cup of tea to go with it."

Phil was looking at + Continued on page 42



It's all right for two people to be young and crazy, if they're crazy in the same way. Like the mad moment when Phil and Lucy placed the birthday cake on the bishop's sundial

girl. "A hat that color, with your eyes-Lucy looked levelly at her reflection and conceded that, in a mirror, things were as satisfactory as usual. Her hair was a shining sweep to her shoul-ders, coppery gold where the light caught it, darkening to leafy russet in the shadows. Her eyes were deep cobalt and clear; her nose was straight and short. Her skin had a fresh dewy look, and the full curve of her mouth was frankly firm and friendly, and warm with latent promise. She was neither too tall nor too short, neither too fat nor too thin. The hat, small and

T DOES something for you," murmured the sales-

smart, looked fine. "It does something for you," repeated the salesgirl, and the fingers of her right hand curled delicately around the pencil "On you, which hovered above her pad. it's different. It's like you,"
"You mean," said Lucy absently, "the

whole effect is a kind of composite egg-

beater." She heard herself as if she were in another room, listening critically, and knew that she was suddenly, infinitely tired of the bright sound of her voice. The girl was looking at her rather glassily, so she smiled and said, "I'll take it—and wear it, please. You see, today I thought I'd call on an old friend and wish him a happy birthday. That's why I wanted a new hat, but the idea has cooled a little, at the moment."

The girl opened her mouth slightly, closed it, and dropped her pencil. Lucy glanced at her, guiltily conscious that she had shattered the carefully manicured edifice of her poise.

(Well, I can't help it if she hasn't

heard about women. All the best people agree that when the world gets to creeping up on a woman, the thing to do is buy a new hat, and if that doesn't help, you can't simper for whoever's trying to sell it . . . Come the wind and the rain, come the haunts in the night: weep no more, my lady, buy a new hat. Phooey.)

Outside, threading her way through the noonday crowds, she felt the winter sun. It shone bravely from straight overhead, sending pale light into the busy cavern of the street. It was warm on the back of her neck and across her trim shoulders. The new hat had a look of debonair and graceful triumph, and passing glances turned her way with quick attention. But the sun made her squint, and she felt no urge to return the passing glances with amiable appreciation. (It's my own fault, I must have been wrong. But I thought

hy Margaret Rankin Lull

undh

Illustrated by Brulé.

"What lit the fuse?" asked Phil. "Tony took something from Thomas without asking, but I'm sure he's sorry now."



There's only one way to make chicken soup, of course, and that's with plenty of chicken! Campbell's know that; and that's why you'll get the good taste of chicken all through the golden-gleaming broth and in the fine white rice. And you'll enjoy the tender pieces of chicken added so lavishly. Yes . . . just as sure as you like chicken, you'll like Campbell's

Eamblell's CHICKEN SOUP

Chicken Soup! Had it lately?

Mmm!

VEGETABL

Luscious, vine-ripened tomatoes, specially grown from special seed—bursting with flavor, and with vitamins and minerals for health. Such are the tomatoes Campbell's blend into Canada's favorite soup—by an exclusive recipe that includes fine table butter and gentle seasoning. Keep it handy on your pantry shelf. Enjoy it, with milk added, as an extra-delicious cream of tomato.

Eamblell's TOMATO SOUP

Good!

Just about everybody likes good vegetable soup! Nowadays, more and more women are calling on Campbell's Vegetable Soup for its homey goodness. They know the fine beef stock and fifteen different garden vegetables Campbell's use make it stout eating for the heartiest appetites . . . and make it, too, as tempting as it is nourishing. No wonder women say this soup is "almost a meal in itself"!

Camblells. vegetable soup

Made by Campbell's in Canada

FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL Copr. 1946 Campbell Soup Company



Sixteen years ago she was a deb in a brilliant London season. Now she's boss of 1,600 acres of Alberta foothills, raising horses and shorthorns.

# The Lady is a Rancher

by Margaret Ecker Francis

Photographs by Eric A. Bland



The old-time cow hands don't hold with it, but Agnes Hammond has mastered humane technique in branding. That passel of fur is a young calf.



Drop in for a visit with a woman who lives alone and likes it, who makes cattle ranching and horse-breeding pay, and who still has time for a little Debussy, a little sketching

N INDIAN won't cross the Ghost River after dusk. He'll pitch his tepee on the bank and wait for dawn to come slanting in from the east to meet the Ghost River as it rushes from the Rockies in the west, down into the Alberta foothills.

If a Stoney or a Sarcee or a Blackfoot should urge his cayuse's hooves across the concrete bridge leading onto the Calgary highway, sure as shootin' he'd see The Ghost. The Ghost is a fearsome Indian chief doomed to ride the river after dark, turned backward on a monstrous white horse. This is his penalty for defeat and death in an intertribal battle long since forgotten in the Ghost River hills.

But old-time ranchers shake their heads as they yarn beside kitchen stoves in their log ranch houses. There's even stranger goings-on in the Ghost River country than spectral Indian warriors, they'll say. Things have come to a pretty pass when cowgirls ride the ranges and a woman owns and runs the historic Ghost River Ranch, and operates at a profit, too.

"She's got a queer way of doin' things," they'll tell you. "She has a mind of her own about breakin' and raisin' horses, but danged if she don't produce some of the finest ponies in these here parts."

They're speaking of Agnes Hammond, owner and lady boss of the Ghost River Ranch for more than 10 years. She has proved that you can use new tricks in an old trade. She's also proved that a woman can run a cattle ranch, do most of the work herself and have lots of time left over to listen to recordings of Debussy and turn her hand to sculpture.

sculpture.

Agnes Hammond, tall and sturdy, with humor animating her attractive face, is a far cry from many weary farm women who lift their eyes to the Alberta hills and question the fate that bent them to a life drab with work and hardship.

She's a far cry, too, from many a ranch daughter who rides unseeing through the hills and mountains and dreams of city pavements, of a housekeeping room and a job as waitress, stenographer or switchboard operator.

Maybe Agnes is a forerunner of a new generation of Canadian women who will seek out the country's wide horizons because they love them and who will pour their education and their culture into building a gracious, profitable ranching life for themselves.

ALBERTA CATCHES at your throat with its rollicking hills lapping against the base of the Rocky Mountains, and the sky overhead is blue and limitless as you turn your car off the Banff-Calgary highway toward the Ghost River Ranch. Something catches at the car, too, as you bump along the dirt track that wanders irresponsibly across the fields as it has wandered since before the railroad first whistled through the valley below.

These are bleak hills to someone seeing them for the first time. The grass is yellow and dry, and hostile boulders scrape 

Continued on page 47

She's off—to do her own fence-riding, or to round up some of her cattle in the far hills. Such range patrol goes on all winter too.

# CHARLIE

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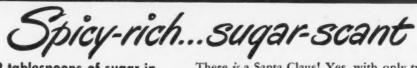






IN COOL DEWY SHADE-UNDER AN AWNING OF TALLER TREES --THESE FINE COFFEE BEANS IN THEIR GAY RED JACKETS SLOWLY STORE UP THE RICH "SHADE-GROWN" FLAVOR THAT CANADIANS LOVE IN CHASE & SANBORN





Only 2 tablespoons of sugar in Magic's saucy, succulent CHRISTMAS PUDDING

Delicious, delicate-textured, made with MAGIC

There is a Santa Claus! Yes, with only two tablespoons of precious sugar—you can make the richest, spiciest, sauciest Christmas Pudding your sweet-toothed family ever tasted. But be sure to use Magic Baking Powder for the most delicious baking results. 3 generations of Canadian homemakers have relied on Magic for finer,

lighter texture - more delectable flavor.



3 tsps. Magic Baking

Powder

Yesp. salt

Stsp. nutmeg

Stsp. cinnamon

l cup milk

Fluffy Custard Sauce

Scald 1 cup milk. Separate 2 eggs, beat yolks with fork, add 2 tbs. sugar and few grains salt. Gradually add scaled milk. Place in double boiler over hot water. Cook, stitring constantly until mixture thickens about 8 min; cool. Beat egg whites until stiff; fold into Cooled custard with 1 tsp. vanilla.





#### Mothers hear "Good!" when there's cocoa at breakfast: Mothers hear Cheers! when the cocoa is FRY'S!

Cocoa for breakfast hits the spot and when it's FRY'S, the children ask for more!

It's that richer chocolate flavor they - and mom is thrilled, because she knows that every cup means extra nourishment too! And for cooking, Fry's richer chocolate flavor wins applause . . in cakes, desserts, cookies and icings, all chocolate dishes.



#### FRY'S RECIPE FOR CHOCOLATE DROP COOKIES

1/2 cup butter 1 cup sugar 2 eggs (well beaten) 11/2 tsp. vanilla

2 cups sifted flour 1/2 cup Fry's Cocoa 3 tsp. bak. powder 1 teaspoon salta

Cream butter. Add sugar gradually, creaming until well blended. Add eggs and vanilla. Mix well. Gradually stir in dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Drop by teaspoon on greased cookie tin. Bake 8-10 minutes in moderate oven (350°F.) Yield—approximately 4 dozen cookies.

To vary the cookies add 1/2 cup currants and 1/2 cup chopped nutmeats or top each cookie with 1/2 pecan before baking.



The cocoa with the richer chocolate flavor



#### The Loneliest Night

Continued from page 12

Cely put out her hand. She was really very tired. Clem steadied her; and they came back to earth with an abrupt jolt. Hastily, Cely turned toward the hall mirror to put on her beret.

You look like something they painted in Delft in the seventeenth century, Clem said. He stood awkwardly behind

He was a tall young man, thin, with sandy unruly hair and a fine wide mouth. He stood holding his battered hat. He wore a fairly good overcoat, and, though his brown tweed suit bagged, his white shirt was clean and freshly ironed.

Sometimes, Clem forgot to send out his laundry. Then he would arrive with a shirt pressed by himself, which wasn't ironing at all. Clem Massey was a research chemist at the university. Cely worked as a secretary in the same department. Six months ago they had not known each other existed. they knew each other very well. Clem lived in two dusty rooms over his laboratory. He was a profound young man. His folks had been farmers. Cely loved to hear him talk about his childhood because it reminded her of Gran's

childhood. Cely had lived all her life on this one crowded city street. Clem said, "You

are very beautiful." She said, "Is that

a compliment?" He said, mocking her, "Is that a question?"

They laughed. He helped her with her coat and carefully latched the door be-hind them. They did not regard each other directly again. That star-gathering business rather frightened them.

The night was deeply cold, and clear. Street lights were a mere blur against the moon-

light.
"Want to go
downtown?" Clem said.

"I'd rather not. I really think this picture is just as good, Clem. Of course, Cely said, tucking her chin down in her coat collar, "if you'd rather-"Gosh, no."

He did not take her arm. They walked silently, with forced briskness, as if Boreas himself were after them personally blowing his northwind breath down their necks, to the neighborhood theatre.

Already there was a line of waiting people curved far back on the sidewalk. Cely got in line wordlessly, to hold their places, while Clem bought the tickets.

Clem was an uncommonly long time buying the tickets. But he finally came to stand beside her. Cely kept on watching the traffic lights at the corner.

"Lots of people out tonight."
"Yes," Cely said.

"Saturday night," Clem said. Clem whistled tunelessly, kicking at the crack in the sidewalk with his polished shoe.

Cely noticed the polish. His shoes were almost never polished. Clem was usually careless about such things.

"It is the one big night," Clem said. "All other nights people have to go to bed. They have to sleep so that they can work the next morning. But Saturday night-that is the wonderful night when a man must have a friend, understanding, companionship-love.

THE WORD echoed between them. There was that wall. There was restraint. Cely drew a breath, and the cold went down inside her like wine. Only it did not warm her like wine.

Her senses fled from him. It was not only that she was tired. She was also

All evening she had been afraid. She had asked her grandmother along deliberately, as a bulwark between them. She had been on the verge of pleading with her mother to wait, to make it a foursome. But now here it was. She was alone with the situation.

"Any other night," Clem said, moving up a step. But he left space between them. He was consciously not touching Cely. "All other nights a man can escape himself, but tonight the world must have a point. Tonight life must

have an answer. There must be reality." She nodded. The line moved slowly, so slowly.

FOOTPRINTS

By PAULINE HAVARD

There are footprints that engrave  $\alpha$ 

Small cloven feet that point to the

Of deer and tiny footmarks where

Footprints wind leaves in a field of

And then-the subtle footprints of

Laughter's bright gold, the silver

Strewn on the roadway that the

A child's light song, a letter,

dusty road;

quail pass;

the years-

print of tears,

memory's embers

heart remembers.

abode

He blew upon his hands. That made vapid frost circles. He did not possess gloves. He was really very poor. In another year he expected a fellowship. In another year he might

possess gloves. She said, "Put them in your pockets."
"Then my wrists are cold."

She said, "Idiot: you could get gloves in the five and ten cent store."

Clem said quietly, "Those gloves would not go with you." He grinned to take the sting out of that. "Beside you I am a scarecrow anyway."

"Clem!" Her eyes with the black

iewels in the centres blazed. But suddenly there was nothing to say. She looked interestedly, not seeing them, not seeing them at all, at a group of children in front of them.

Clem lowered his voice. "When we are children, Saturday night is like that. Saturday night is all fun-football games, dances, chocolate sodas, Cely, and movies." He shrugged. She darted a glance at his face. His face was drawn with the cold, and with something more, something deeper. Sadness? Cely could not tell. "Then there comes a night—like tonight" — he swallowed; Cely saw his Adam's apple working—"then the childish fun is only a varnish over the reality."

Cely said, "Don't." Cely said, wanly, "Just be quiet."

The warmth of the theatre, when they got inside, struck them like a blow. Cely's feet were numb. Her eyes would not adjust to the sudden dimness. She stumbled after Clem. They were lucky to find seats together.

It was several minutes before Cely



# Christmas is harvest time for you and your Kodak

The picture at the tree . . . The picture of that young fellow trying out his new wagon in the yard—and of the little mother as she goes calling with her new doll . . . The pictures of Christmas visitors trooping in the front gate . . . the family reunion . . .

All the extra steps you take in preparing for Christmas bring their reward in the

happiness shining in children's faces. This, of all days, is the harvest season for your Kodak to capture those looks of wonder and delight.

There are not many such Christmases. Be sure your camera is ready... be sure you have Kodak Film... and the great day will be yours to treasure.

CANADIAN KODAK Co. LIMITED, TORONTO 9.



For snapshots outdoors — Kodak Verichrome Film

For snapshots indoors at night — Kodak Super-XX Film



After a war holiday the famous Kenwood floral-tint blankets are here again, with their soft warm texture and pleasing, two-tone floral colours. Illustrated above is the Wood Rose, below is the Juniper Green . . . other shades are Zinnia and Larkspur.

Kenwood quality is traditional-it was maintained at its high standard-even during the war. Kenwood blankets are made from new, long-fibred wool and retain their deep nap even after endless washings. You'll always be proud to say "They're Kenwood". Look for the Kenwood label. Made in Canada.

KENWOOD MILLS LIMITED, ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO



realized she was sitting directly in back of her parents. Her impulse was to lean forward and speak.

Clem touched her wrist. "Don't spoil their fun," Clem said into her ear.

She sat back. Clem withdrew his hand. The warmth of the theatre made her uncommonly sleepy. More than once Cely caught herself nodding.

Then she would try to watch the picture. Yet it was her mother and father she was seeing. Her father's arm was on the back of her mother's seat. Whenever there was a joke on the screen, a tenderness, a kiss, Cely's father leaned his bulk toward her mother and made an intimate comment. Mrs. Brent held herself rigid. Not once did she turn to respond.

Cely wiggled uncomfortably. I can't watch. I can't watch, she thought. She knew her mother was miserable. Her mother hated public display. Clem said, "Let's go."

She got her eyes open with effort.
"But my goodness," Cely protested softly, "you paid to see the movie and we haven't seen half-You can't squander your money."
"Sleepy-head," Clem said, in the

wake of theatrewide laughter. going to take you home. You can get an hour's nap before your mother and dad get back.

He stood, Dazed,

Cely stood also. Out in the lobby, Clem said, "You're dead on your feet, Cely." His wide mouth was set

firmly.
"It's the heat, Clem. It's-

He nodded; they walked the icy cold streets briskly. She was like one drugged. She could not think. She did remember to tell him, as they came in the front door, "Shhh. We mustn't wake Gran. Goodness knows what she'd think."

He laughed harshly. She hadn't heard that laugh before. One dim, green-

shaded lamp was on in the living room. The place was shabby and beautifully warm and homelike with flowered slip covers. Cely collapsed in a corner of the big sofa. She kicked off one shoe. Clem took off the other.

Cely said, "Maybe I'm getting a cold."

Spreading his overcoat over her, Clem laughed. But this time, it was all right. This time he was mocking her. reached blindly for his hands, and caught them.

"I'll wake you when I hear them."

"Clem, you're sweet."

He said, wanting to say the opposite, 'Go to sleep.

She could not open her eyes. She was going down, down, down. She simply could not open her eyes. "Please," Cely said faintly. "Hold me." His arms held her. His arms tightened.

Her heart beat with his . . .

HE DID not wake her. Instead Gran stood over Cely, touching her shoulder gently. In the pale lamp light Gran startled Cely. Her silver hair was in a queue down her back like a Chinaman's. She clutched a lilac-quilted wrapper about her with her thin gnarled hands.

"Wake up, wake up, the both of you," Gran whispered urgently. coming, and you can never tell what your mother'd think if she found you like this. Wake up!"

Cely was speechless. Celv's heart tipped over backward.

Clem recovered his voice. Gran. Thanks."

The old lady winked. Then she moved hurriedly away. She vanished entirely, as the sounds at the front door became quite pronounced.

By the time her mother came into the living room, Cely was properly at one end of the sofa and Clem at the other. Cely had her shoes on. Clem had his overcoat in a heap between them and was smoothing down his hair.

Mrs. Brent snapped on more lights. "Why, Gregory," Mrs. Brent said gladly, "the children are here." She was carrying a box of candy. Her face was flushed. Her large luminous eyes were Relief spread over puzzled, baffled, her face at sight of them.

"Hi, kids," Mr. Brent said.

Clem looked at Cely. Cely said

**Beg Time to Stav** 

By M. EUGENIE PERRY



Beg time to stay-Deferring the uncoveted appeal, Slow-spinning the inevitable good-by It rushes, tumbles as a torrent On its way.

But try to beckon an a precious hour A girl a-tiptoe for her first ball, A child heart-eager for the Christmas tree-

The moments, minutes, months, move slowly

As sands imprisoned in an hourglass

Grain by measured grain.

Clem said, "We were just going, sir er, weren't we, Cely?" He began struggling into his

overcoat.
"We stopped in to get warm on our way to the drug-store," Cely said. She was wide awake now; she looked at her father sitting in his favorite wing chair. She looked at her father looking at her mother.

"We've just come from there," Mrs. Brentsaid." Gregory would buy me candy. I really didn't want She sounded angry. It was the wild anger of baffle-"I can't ment. imagine what he's going to use for

cigarette money next week, spending all this on me. And when we need other things. When we need towels and a new roasting pan." Mrs. Brent sighed.

Cely watched her father watching her mother. Mr. Brent contracted for small repair jobs, mostly housing jobs, doing a great deal of the labor himself. His big hands were calloused. But tonight, for Saturday night, they were scrubbed clean and the nails cut short. Her father was a large, handsome person. Kindness etched itself in his angular, weather-reddened face, kindness and intelligence, and the strange inner ravage of defeat.

"Open it, Ann. Darn it," Mr. Brent said roughly, "don't be selfish."

Her mother fluttered. "I was saving it for tomorrow, Greg, when the whole

family—everybody—"

He said gently, "Can't you understand, Ann? I bought the candy for stand, Ann? I bought the candy for you, Ann, tonight."

They all watched as she fumbled with the wrapping. Mr. Brent breathed hard and fast. He glanced at Clem once,

♣ Continued on page 80

# Traditional choice FOR HOLIDAY FEASTING

HOLIDAY GLAMOUR. The Bells: whole pears cooked in cinnamon syrup; cream cheese balls for clappers. The Mistletoe: berries, cream cheese balls; leaves, green pepper; stem, a pretzel stick; the bow, pieces of pear.

Two styles: Blue

Label—for easy

cooking at home;

Red Label—ham

that's cooked and

ready to eat. In

buying a slice, look

for the word SWIFT

down the side.

Swifts
Premium
Premium
HAM

Cooked-I

SWIFT

You honour your guests with Canada's traditional

favourite when you serve Swift's Premium Ham. Three

generations of hostesses have prized this ham above all others.

Its matchless quality—rigidly maintained—has won acknowledged

leadership. So overwhelming is this Canadian preference

that—in time of light production—Swift's Premium Ham may be hard to find.

Swift's
Premium
Ham BROWN
SUGAR
CHOED!



Like Christmas crackers and plum pudding ... like the gaily wrapped gifts by the tree, Canada Dry is one of the joys of Christmas ... one of our Christmas traditions. For Canada Dry's gay, golden bubbles are a promise of good cheer and real enjoyment any time, anywhere. Its famous quality, its piquant, champagne tang have earned it an invitation to every happy celebration.

When ordering your holiday supply of Canada Dry, be sure to ask for plenty of Canada Dry Sparkling Water. It's the world's best mixer . . . exclusive Pin-Point Carbonation points up flavour, adds life to long, tall drinks.

### CANADA DRY

The Champagne of Ginger ales

#### The Christmas List

Continued from page 5

became scornful. The teacher smiled.
"All right, Lorna. But don't tear a
page out. Copy it. Well, Brian?"

"I want to do like Lorna." He colored faintly, troubled not by falsehood, but by the implication of falling for a kid's trick

"Very well, Brian." She regarded his fair head and large grey eyes kindly. He was much neater than most of her charges. His hair was always brushed in the morning, his shoelaces tied; his woollen underwear hardly ever bulged his ribbed stockings or navy shorts. But there was something solitary and withdrawn about him that often touched her.

His mother might not even look at his book. She had not been to the concert the evening before, when the children's work had been displayed. Of course, she had a job of her own. But she had not even found time to buy and wrap one of the gay packages that dangled from the bedesked fir tree in the corner of the classroom, but had substituted a coin in a hastily gummed envelope, to which Miss Macey herself had added a couple of Christmas seals.

"An apartment child," she said to herself. "No visitors. Do not disturb."

"Now for the party, children," she said aloud, with a brief sigh for uninterested parents. "Come, Brian. You shall hand out the gifts."

He darted from his desk, knocking books to the floor, bright with relief. His list he felt to be private.

The teacher, dismissing them later, experienced a twinge of curiosity as to what Brian had written. She glanced at the frieze of drawings that gave a festive air to the suddenly quiet room. Most of them were conventional, with Santa Claus in heavy red chalk predominant. But Brian's showed a small uncolored tree on a rickety table, and a child looking out of a window. Even at seven years, she thought, some children were complex individuals.

LORNA WALKED down the pavement with Brian, each with a rolled scribbler under the arm. He had forgotten that he was supposed to wait for one of the high-school girls who lived in the same building, and who was his paid escort. He plodded on, his mind a jumble of other children's conversations.

'My Aunt Polly's coming with her three children. They're our cousins. We're going to sleep on the floor on a mattress..."

mattress . . ."

"We've got a baby Jesus in our church with little cows and lambs . . ."

"My daddy says we've got to have the best Christmas ever because I'm adopted and he never had a little girl for Christmas before..."

"We're going to make pull taffy tonight. Mother saved the sugar . . ."

"We've got the biggest tree. We couldn't hardly get it through the door and daddy had to cut the top off ... and we've got a little angel to ..."

Lorna's shrill voice cut in on his reverie. "Brian, do you know what I got from school?"

He grunted. Yes, he knew.

"A 50-cent piece. It's the biggest piece of money I've ever had, but Uncle Harry gave me two quarters yesterday to buy something for my mother, but I didn't need it because I had a present already made and mother says she really likes the made ones best, doesn't your mother?"

"I don't know." His mother hadn't seemed to be impressed with the little box he had made her last year. He had thought it a fine piece of work, and it had taken a long time.

"Money's all right, but presents are more fun, aren't they?"

"I'm sorry you got the money," he said.

"Oh, that's all right. I'll buy you something with part of it, if you like. What did you put on your list?"

"I'm not telling anybody."

"Well, so long. Merry Christmas, Brian." She was gone in a flash, skipping up a side street, her pigtails bobbing on her fur collar. He felt suddenly alone.

Turn to the left at the big red church, he told himself, walk three blocks and then cross one street with a car line, and then go two blocks straight ahead past the drugstore. He straightened his diminutive shoulders under the warm coat, pulled down his earflaps. It was fun to be alone anyway, and no one could ask him questions.

Anything could happen when you were on the street. There might be a fire or a hold-up, or a streetcar might go off the track, or he might even see an elephant or a camel from the

♣ Continued on page 24

#### To Our Readers: An Explanation

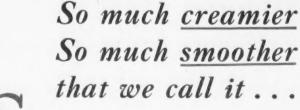
Strikes in plants that make supplies needed in papermaking have greatly affected deliveries of the type of paper this publication normally uses.

The mills are doing their best, but are unable to supply us with enough paper of uniformly high grade.

We, too, are doing our best.

Should your copy of Chatelaine contain paper not as good as usual it is because that is the only way in which the publishers can maintain full service to the largest possible number of readers.

And if for the same reason your copy is late in reaching you, we ask your indulgence.



STOKELY'S FINEST CUSTARD PUMPKIN

#### IT'S STOKELY'S NEWEST Flavor TRIUMPH!

Now...a Hallowe'en treat to eat the year 'round...rich, golden pumpkin...so much smoother and mellower in texture that we've given it a special name—Stokely's Finest "Custard" Pumpkin. And, as you'll discover, this custard pumpkin makes the smoothest-tasting pumpkin pie\* and other delicious pumpkin dishes\*\* in the world!

Old-Fashioned Pumpkin Goodness Captured in a Can... That's the secret! All the natural, succulent deliciousness of big golden slices of choice pumpkin has been captured for you by Stokely. And not only do you get the extra goodness of the finest pumpkin crops, but in each can—always uniform, always taste-tested—you get a smooth, deliciously inviting Stokely product, combining all the quality, skill and care for which Stokely's Finest Foods have been famous for generations. So that, when you aim to surprise the palates of your hungry husband and kiddies, you just can't miss—with Stokely's Finest Custard Pumpkin! Try these recipes:

#### \*PUMPKIN PIE WITH JELLY-WHIP TOPPING

Line 91/2 in. pie-pan (top inside measure) with paste. Chill till needed.

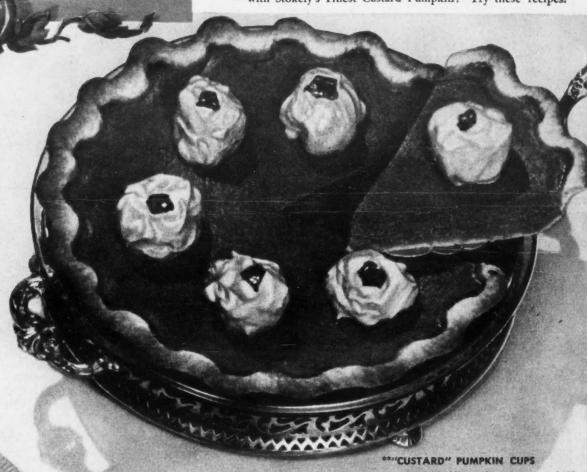
ith paste. Chill till needed.

1¾ cups milk
¾ cup brown sugar, lightly packed
1 tsp. ground cinnamon
1½ tsps. ground ginger
⅓ tsp. ground cloves or
grated nutmeg

3⁄4 tsp. salt
3 eggs, slightly beaten
1⁄2 can (13⁄4 cups) Stokely's
Custard Pumpkin

Scald milk in double boiler. Combine brown sugar, cinnamon, ginger, cloves or nutmeg, and salt; stir into slightly beaten eggs. Stir in Stokely's Custard Pumpkin and scalded milk. Turn pumpkin filling into chilled pie shell. Bake pie in hot oven, 425°, for 12 minutes; lower heat to 325°. Bake until filling is set, about 50 minutes longer.

Jelly-Whip Topping: Place in top of double boiler: ½ cup red currant or other tart jelly, pinch of salt, 1 unbeaten egg white. Beat over gently-boiling water with rotary beater until free of lumps. Remove from heat. Beat until mixture will stand in peaks; beat in dash lemon juice. Drop by spoonfuls on cold pie.



Here's a treat for the kiddies and grown-ups too! If an 8½ in. pie plate is used, there will be enough filling left over to fill two individual dessert glasses. To bake, place them in a pan of hot water and bake in a rather slow oven 325°, until set... about 45 minutes.

> \*Also delicious as a bovegetable — just add butter and seasoning.



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THERE IS little in common between Omar's primitive brew and the superb coffee now known throughout the world as Maxwell House.

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circus somebody had talked about. Or some mother might come along and say: "Would you like me to adopt you, sonny? We've got to have a wonderful Christmas because I've never had any children for it before."

When he reached the street with the car line, there were colored lights strung up, and windows decorated with green leaves and red berries and tinsel: and in one window there was an enormous Santa Claus rocking with noisy laughter. It made Brian laugh to see him, and all the people that came up looked, and their faces began to crinkle, and they stood and laughed too. It was as good to watch the people as to look in the window.

"Ha, ha, ha!" His small peal of sound joined in, his eyes changing color with shining.

"Brian, you naughty boy! What are you doing here? Why isn't Alice with you? You know I don't like you to be downtown alone."

A nibble of hat and a swirl of veil and a brown fur coat above sheer stockings: a pretty but nervous face frowning down at him. "I can't possibly take you home I got off early because I've such beaps of shopping to do. Why did you have to turn up now? Well, we'll cross the street and then you'll be all right. Go straight home. Anna will let you in."

He was hustled across the street. Santa was gone. His brief independence was gone. The sense of Christmas seemed to be gone as the last little push at the back propelled him down the dull street that left the lovely clang and hurry behind.

But he always felt a small thrill going up alone in the automatic elevator. That was something none of the other children had. He must remember to brag about it when they were talking about Christmas, after next year started and they went to school again.

ANNA ANSWERED his ring. She was a squat bony-faced Ukrainian woman with a large kind mouth: but he did not like the smell of her the way he liked the smell of his mother and Miss Macey To him, that was the major difference, for Anna was always in a hurry too, always going somewhere else, with her mind gone ahead of her.

She took off his coat and cap and hung them up. She never cared if he should have done that himself. She pulled him into the kitchen. "There," she said, pointing to the table. "Eat up, now."

A crowd of gingerbread boys lay on waxed paper decorated with pink and white icing.

"Thank you, Anna," he said dutifully.

"Are they for the tree?"

"Can't hang anything on that tree."
She snorted, jerking a heavy thumb in the direction of the living room, where, on a table, sat a modernistic idea of fir trees in silver leaf. "You eat them."
"Before supper?"

"They'll be out to supper. I'll fix yours. What's the book for? Didn't give you homework, surely."

you homework, surely."
"No." He put the book in his bedroom, but Anna wasn't interested in
scribblers. She looked at him with
compassion, thinking of her own two fat
children, who ate when they felt like it.

He was contented for a while in the warm kitchen. But in the living room, drearily empty and impeccable in its atmosphere of polishing wax and hothouse carnations, disappointment crept down upon him again. He wanted company. He wondered if he could be sorry that school was over for 10 days. Surely no one could actually like school better than holidays. Horrid old school, the children shouted, rushing from it with the glad defiance of revolutionaries.

He walked about the room, gently touching the juniper wood book ends, the little bronze statue beside the telephone, the old blue vase which now was filled with flowers. When his parents were there, they were always saying: "Be careful." He was very careful. If things occasionally leaped from his fingers, it was from peculiar malice of their own.

He would not touch the silver tree. He resented that. It wasn't true.

He had put the scribbler under his pillow. Perhaps he would dream of the things he wanted. That was a vague phrase in his mind: put it under your pillow to dream on. He did not always like dreams, and sometimes he had been frightened when he waked up, and his Dad had said he was too big to be frightened.

That was odd, because he had heard his Dad say, in telling of some war experience: "I was scared stiff." He laughed, as if it didn't matter who knew. But you couldn't ask fathers what was the difference. If they said something, it was like God making the world. If you said, showing their mistakes to them, they just answered: "Oh, don't talk nonsense." It must be nice to be a grown-up person, and always be right, even saying opposite things that didn't make sense.

This evening his mother came home about half-past seven, and saw that he took a bath and said the Lord's Prayer, and was covered up. She did not seem to be paying much attention, so he left out one sentence and said another one twice and she didn't even notice. He wondered if she said it every night, or if she had forgotten how it went. His sense of grievance deepened. He resolved to stay awake all night, and when she came in the morning, he would say: "I haven't slept at all. I'm a wreck," just like she did sometimes.

"Can I hang up a stocking tomorrow night?" he asked her, as she was going out of his room.

"Oh no, Brian. You're getting too big for stockings. And it's so hard to get little things to put in them."

"Am I? Am I really big?"

"Well, fairly big." She smiled, looking very pretty in the doorway, in her rose-colored dress, but she was in a hurry They were going to have a dinner party on Christmas Eve, and there was such a lot to do, she didn't know how she'd manage it, she told him.

"Can I take my sleigh down to the river bank tomorrow then?"

"Oh, not to the river Not yet. That's just for the big boys. Maybe next year."

"You said that last year." He regarded her steadily for a minute A boy was big enough for all the dull stupid things like bathing and dressing and keeping his bedroom neat; and not big enough for the nice things like staying up late and going out by the river, and eating pie. His parents didn't care if he had a good time or not. He would stay awake all night and then maybe he would be ill. 

\*\*Continued on page 26\*\*

### NORTHERN'S

# Natural Tone







Illustrated is the "Oriole" No. 7003. The
cabinet on pleasing modern lines is of rich
American walnut. Northern's simplified record
player and changer is cleverly concealed behind
the large front panel. The tone of both the
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Northern Electric

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She went away and he fell asleep as soon as he closed his eyes.

THE NEXT day was snowy and he had to stay in and play with his airplanes. He was tired of airplanes. The war was over and he couldn't be a pilot anyway. He knew that they had bought him an electric train for Christmas, but he guessed it had cost a lot of money so he would have to be very careful and then it wouldn't be much fun. Now if he could have had a bunch of kids in to play with it, that would have been fine, his mother said that the landlord would never stand for a lot of little boys tramping all over the good floors.

He had been in bed a terribly long time, because his mother usually had to get up early, but this was a holiday. He had got very hungry and his head had acked, but his Dad said he mustn't mind that.

His mother had got used to working while his Dad was overseas, and anyway, she said, the cost of living was terrible. When he was quite a little boy, maybe a year ago, he had heard his Dad say: You put most of it on your back," and he had looked and looked at his mother's back, in the summer when she was in her bathing suit, thinking it would be fun to be covered with money like a fish with scales.

But Anna had explained it to him afterward, and his mother and Dad didn't often get mad like they used to, only quiet and not laughing much, and sometimes cranky and saying a few mean things, and then quiet again, with a funny feeling in the air.

In the afternoon his mother let him go out, like parents did, because she wanted him to get her some aspirin from the drugstore, and he took as long as he could so as to be out in the snow, and she was cross with him when he got

He had a boiled egg for supper, a thing he disliked, and then a very fancy dessert in a glass dish with whipped cream and two kinds of jelly with cherries and pineapple. He wanted another, but there were just exactly as many as the visitors and his mother and Dad. His mother cut him a piece of angel cake and said: "You'll have to go to bed at seven, because I won't have any time after that."

"That's too early," he said, in the fierce voice in which he had once asked his mother if she washed her neck-and-

"Now, Brian. You've got to co-operate. You're big enough."

"If I'm big enough to co-operate"and he used the word with relish-"1'm big enough to stay up later.

He heard her complaining to his father that he was being difficult, and that made him feel vaguely important.

After he was in bed, his father came and sat on it. "Not sleepy yet, son?" he said, looking at him in a puzzled way as if he did not quite know how to talk to little boys.

He did not. Nearly every time he looked at Brian there was some little thing wrong that he could point out.
"You didn't brush your hair. You didn't clean your teeth. Use your table napkin. Don't hold your fork so close to the prongs. Don't stick your elbows out.

Now there was nothing wrong so there was nothing to say.

It had stopped snowing, and out of the window he could see one star. Perhaps it was the Christmas Star. He asked his father if it was, and his father didn't know. Somehow he had expected that,

"I made my bed myself," he said. "It doesn't feel so good."

His father looked down absently, not "Whoever said this was a listening. man's world was a fool," he said. "It's a woman's world and don't you ever forget it."

Grown-up persons sometimes said things like that, not really talking to you, Brian thought. You didn't know much about the world, only that there were a lot of things small boys were not allowed to do.

AFTER HIS father had gone, he made a sudden decision. Miss Macey had said once that the world should belong to men, women and children, to all of them. Well, he would go out and see if he could find the things he wanted for Christmas.

When he heard the tapping of his mother's heels in the passage, he closed his eyes and lay very still. He heard her say: "He's asleep. I'll close the door so we won't disturb him.

After that, it seemed like hours and hours before all the visitors arrived. Such a lot of laughing and chattering and people saying: "But, my dear . . ." and "How marvellous!" And then the clink of glasses, the scrape of moving chairs, the door from the passage to the dining room closed: and he slipped out of bed and into his clothes.

Creeping along the passage, his shoes and overshoes under his arm, was rather frightening fun. He put on his shoes in the elevator. It was very hard to tie them with his overcoat on. It would look all right to be putting on the overshoes in the hall downstairs. His heart beat so hard, he wondered if he was sick or something.

But once outside, with the clear bright cold and the crowd of stars overhead, and the white snow glittering and crunching under his feet, he was all right. He was free. Anything could happen.

His collar up, his ear flaps down, his mittened hands in his pockets, he went briskly along as if he was on a message. No one paid any attention to him. It was still not eight o'clock.

He stopped at the big red church. He had never been inside that one. He He might find the baby Jesus there. went up the big steps bravely, pushed open the heavy door at one side of the entrance, and entered creepily to strains of music and dim light on rows of dark pews. He looked about him, awed, taking in stained glass windows, a stooped man playing on the organ at the far end. But here, close beside him, was a little thatched hut something like they had made for an enterprise at school, called darkest Africa,

But in this one were shepherds and cows, and sheep as large as the cows, and a man in a long dress and a lady with a baby and a gold ring round their heads. He pressed close, gazing.

He had gone to Sunday School a few times, when Alice, the high-school girl, had been minded to take him. He had liked some of the stories: Noah's Ark, Daniel in the lions' den, David and Goliath; especially that last, because his only acquaintance with a sling shot was when he staved with his grandmother last summer, in the country.

He had appreciated a phrase about

+ Continued on page 66

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lighted. I could choose one to wait until morning. And he correct thing to me-at n prolonging joy and letting

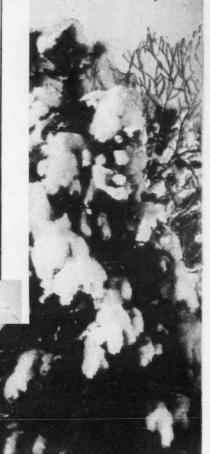
istmas morning, when every id been opened, he'd say, much"-which meant there aidden somewhere. It might a cushion, pinned to the t. One time I found a box of rom my mother's apron

the carcass, dice the meat, you have it, or a few cooked se in a creamy sauce. Now nashed seasoned squash and ie creamed mixture. Shower it in the oven long enough to

s: carving is your show but e practice beforehand rather ore a tableful of guests.

West came a box of holly kle crisp. But how can I be hout a sprig of mistletoe!

Folks, And God rest ye



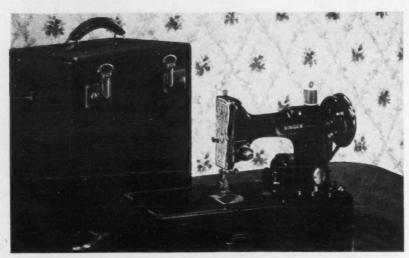


# This Christmas there'll be ingers under the Tree!

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an 11-pound 2 oz. wonder that behaves like an angel! This Singer Featherweight Portable Electric sews perfect lockstitch, backward or forward. Compact, easy to tuck away in your closet. Smart carrying case also holds attachments and accessories.



• Santa rates a big hug when he brings this handsome, modern writing desk! It holds a sweet-running Singer Electric, with generous drawer space for all your sewing needs -

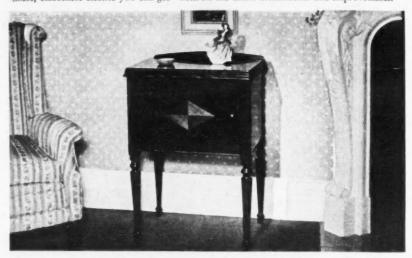
Sewing Centers have the gayest, prettiest presents you ever shopped for! Attractive accessories are a specialty—and there are sew-useful sewing boxes galore, in dainty bright colors! Come and see!

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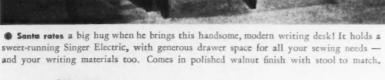
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# Teen-Age Special

education too. We have had so much fun. I am so

sorry for small families."

But the "English" Canadians in the Council, of which there are three, felt that a very large family with little money made for unhappiness. Rather, it would be better to raise fewer children and to see that they were well cared for, well educated. The others agreed up to a point, but thought that clever budgeting and skilful management could stretch small incomes to far greater proportions than more abundant means in the hands of careless or ignorant housekeepers.

If you had been there you would have found it useful to be able to cascade suddenly into a tumble of French after rolling along smoothly in English. For all but one of our Councillors, like most of the teen agers in Quebec City, speak both languages easily. They wanted to talk to you about that; wondered if it wouldn't help with this big job of unifying Canada, which the oldsters are always speaking about, if everybody mastered both languages. And they thought it would be a grand idea to have summer camps, in Quebec and in the other provinces, to which young people of all parts of Canada could go and learn to know each other. More and more exchange students moving around would work the same benefit too.

"Here we are in the Chatelaine Council, English and French together, laughing and chatting and arguing, and understanding and liking each other," Terry Gourdeau said, her vivid young face aglow. "That is because we can speak each other's language and respect each other's traditions . . ."

"And realize we each bring something to this good Canada, which belongs to us all," interrupted Louise Rov eagerly.

And "English" Barbara nodded her head slowly and added, "Why couldn't it be that way all over the

They thought letters would help, too; writing back and forth across the Dominion. For they are great correspondents, using often a fine stylized script, expressing themselves charmingly. Letter writingwhatever has happened to it elsewhere—is no lost art among the convent and college-bred girls and boys of French-speaking Quebec.

There is a phrase they use a lot when they talk about educational firsts for girls. It's" tenue de maison. The closest you can get to it + Continued on next page

GLAMOUR BALL. Three of Chatelaine's Councillors, Pierette Gadoury, Therese Gourdeau and Therese Bergeron are shown with white-tied escorts arriving at Sillery Branch (Canadian Legion) comingout dance, with interest-ed townsfolk looking on.

FOUR O'CLOCK HUD-FOUR O'CLOCK HUD-DLE. In Denyse Tur-geon's pretty bedroom, Pierette (at radio) Therese Gourdeau (writing) and Denyse' sister on bed have fun at feminine confab.

CALECHES ARE for tourists and no Quebec teen ager jaunts in 'em —unless, like Roz Bigman and Doreen Mc Mahon, they're expecting out-of-town guests who like "local color."

LET'S BIKE to Citadel is frequent idea of sports-loving teenagers in Quebec. Councillors Louise Roy and Therese Bergeron love slacks, hobby socks, colored toques for hikes.

TO MARKET WE GO and Madame Lastare Roy, wife of Quebec judge, teaches daughter Louise to choose family foodstuffs, judge house-hold needs. Here they chat at the old St. Roch market with Mme. Edouard Parent, countrywoman who has been bringing her pro-duce in for 51 years.

















BON JOUR FROM FRENCH CANADA! says Chatelaine's vivacious Teen-age Council of Quebec City. School, sports, parties, cultural activities keep them alert and busy. But the old French art of homemaking is their first love. Left to right: Denyse Turgeon, Louise Roy, Barbara Morton, Pierette Gadoury, France Gagnon, Therese Gourdeau, Therese Bergeron, Doreen McMahon, Alice Pelletier, Marie Brousseau, Liliane Esnouf, Roslyn Bigman, Madeleine Belec.

AYBE YOU bake the squeegiest cheese delights in your crowd now, and are so grown up that mother no longer has to do a follow-up routine on the legs of chairs and tables you are left to dust. Probably you can serve forth a pretty dish of scalloped potatoes and produce a well-sizzled hamburger for the family when the Lady of the House is away. Or "sit" with the Jones baby for an evening

and turn it over, relatively intact, to its anxious parents on their return.

But are you really getting set—with men on your mind, angel, and marriage not too many billions of ages away—to take over, completely, a house and a husband and (time marches on) a family? Will you give them a first-class fair-square deal in the house-

If the answer is yes, you'll enjoy meeting up with the best-trained embryo homemakers we've yet found: Chatelaine's new Teen-Age Council of Quebec City. If your distaff foundation for domestic bliss lacks a little spade work here and there, and could do with some weatherproofing, be sure to tune in on our huddle. Lend an ear to what listens like a divorceproof program for family life tomorrow.

It's hardly necessary to point out that our breezy up-and-comers from French-speaking Canada, pictured on these pages, are no dish of apple pan dowdies. Their parties are dream-boat stuff. Wish you could have been in on the glamorous coming-out formal when a'lot of them were presented at the Maple Leaf Club recently. Or go along with their gang skiing, up Lac Beauport way, or sailing and summer-moon cruising to music on the wide, blue St. Lawrence. Wish you could take in a sugaring-off next spring in the hills near Chateau Richer, and come back to one of their gracious old houses for dancing. Or speed chiller-thriller, down the long bob slide set up this winter (first time since the war) by the castlelike Chateau Frontenac; or skate on La Glissoire de la Terrace nearby, with dancing and supper at the Chateau, or munch hot dogs and hamburgers at the Old Homestead.

Yes, these girls get around. They study, too. Several of our Councillors, like Alice Pelletier and France Gagnon and Roz Bigman, are steaming up for stiff university courses. Doreen McMahon plans to be an air stewardess, Barbara Morton would like to make singing her career, Louise Roy hankers after dramatic work; and Denyse Turgeon wants to see the world!

work; and Denyse Turgeon wants to see the world!

But overshadowing all these ambitions, and far greater than any of them, is the basic instinct for homemaking.

You'd have known that in a jiff, if you'd been sitting in on our tea talk in the stately blue room of the Chateau Frontenac one Sunday afternoon recently. Remember how we checked over ideal-sized families, for instance, in Vancouver and Winnipeg and Edmonton? And the Western Councillors struck an average of two to four children? Well, in Quebec City the minority favoring four almost came to blows with the girls who considered eight or 10 children ideal. "Selfish!" was the accusation hurled at one poor member who started with a timid "two."

"We are seven," said France, simply, "and it is wonderful!"

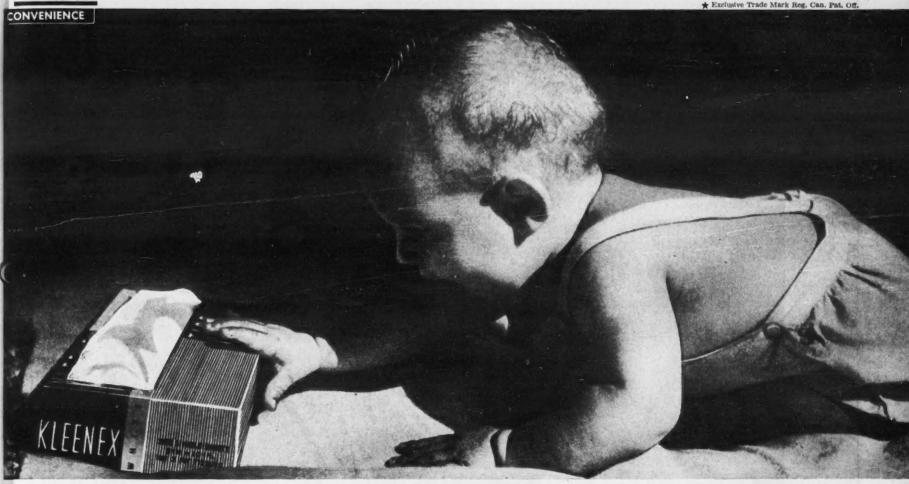
"And we are 10," proudly announced Terry Gourdeau, "five boys and five girls. And the boys have all gone to college, and the girls received a good

HOSTESS TRAINING.
Lilians Esnouf, upper
left, follows an old
French - Canadian custom by staying at home
for a year to learn the
household arts, from her
aunt. Mrs. G. Esnouf.

keeping division?

QUEBEC EDUCATION lays stress on music, painting, manners as well as academic subjects. In the Ursuline convent France Gagnon (back) and Alice Pelleter study concert technique as well as notes.

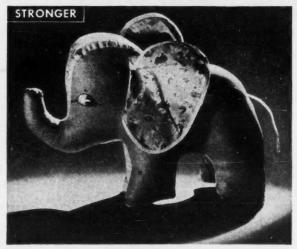
## **ONLY KLEENEX\* GIVES YOU ALL OF THESE ADVANTAGES**



Waste and messiness are avoided . . . cleanliness and convenience assured by the famous, exclusive Kleenex Serv-a-Tissue package. You pull one Kleenex—up pops the next ready for use. The remaining tissues stay cleanly packed.



Jeenex is made from Cellucotton absorbent wadding—owny soft, actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton...kind to tender noses and the most delicate skin.



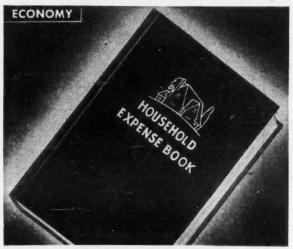
Each single ply of Kleenex tissue is heavier, stronger than ordinary tissues. Every application or *pull* is double ply, giving you *extra* strength and *extra* absorbency.



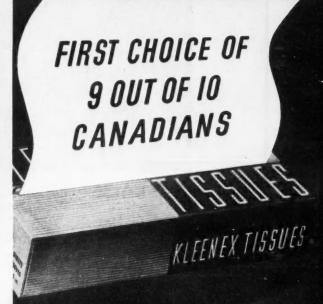
Kleenex is now processed to *pure white* in a new ultramodern Canadian mill; comes to you in a patented, sealed package to assure you tissues that are absolutely hygienic.



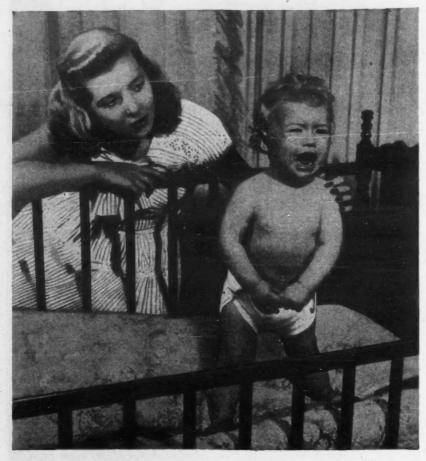
Because of the variety of Kleenex tissues, there's a tissue to neet each of your many individual requirements. Hanky ize 9" x 10" — 200 tissues per package; Chubby size 34" x 9"—300 tissues; Man's size 12" x 12"—200 tissues.



Kleenex great production has resulted in savings passed on to you. (Today, Kleenex is only ½ the price you paid a few years ago.) As well, Kleenex superior two-ply tissues provide 50% more pulls than ordinary three-ply tissues.



# When baby's bad temper means "Childhood Constipation"



## ... give gentle Castoria!



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your baby's happy smiles change into sleepless tears and bad temper because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . you'll be a wise mother if you do this:

Give him Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle.

Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.



in English is something like keeping house. But in meaning it's more than that. It's a sort of housewifely smooth sailing, with every port made on schedule, everything shipshape and the captain singing at her bridge. Madeleine Belec, our Councillor from Fort Coulonge, who is a student at one of the unique homemaker training schools scattered all over the Province of Quebec—Les Ecoles Ménagères—tried to put it into words for us.

"Perhaps it is that we learn 'tenue de maison | not only with the hands and the head, but with the heart and the spirit aussi." Madeleine, like the other 4,000 teen-age girls who crowd the 32 schools this year, is very proud of her "college." Its four-year course (which starts after grade nine) is frankly aimed at special training for home and mother-hood. The girls are taught not only every possible phase of cooking, sewing, cleaning, rugmaking, poultry keeping, gardening, the chemistry of foods, dietetics, budgeting, marketing and

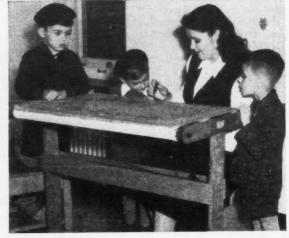
lowed to have their pictures taken, as they practiced piano together, in the music hall of the convent. It is 300 years old, and here France and Alice receive true French Classical Education" as a Sister described it. Emphasis is placed on the cultural as well as the practical side of domestic life. Fine ewing, music, painting, singing, religion, poetry, and the gracious arts of entertaining, good manners and conversation are given equal importance with academic studies. Perhaps, in these historic almost cloistered buildings, you may say they do not learn as much of everyday fellowship and wear-and-tear citizenship as they would in the public schools. But they are, most certainly, exquisitely brought up.

Others of our Councillors, at home from convent or school, are spending a year learning household management and graces with mother as tutor. They, too, study music and painting and

languages.

But then, you don't have to go to a

THE CARE OF CHILDREN and the passing on to them of the technique of household arts is one of the lessons Councillor Madeleine Belec learns at the Ecoles Ménagères, schools for home and motherhood training in Quebec Province.



child care . . . but they learn also bow to teach those things to their future children.

"Many women are themselves efficient housekeepers," Madeleine explained, "but they do not know how to pass along their knowledge and their skills to their young ones."

For three weeks of each year senior students take full charge of both a small baby and a two- or three-year-old in one of the hospitals or crèches. Great stress is laid, too, on their own health and good looks, as homemakers, and on the general happy psychology of the real chatelaine of the maison. Nor is there omitted a study of preparation for marriage, physically and emotionally, with doctors and nurses as teachers. Madeleine herself will take a special intensive Normal course on one special phase of homemaking, following her graduation this year, and teach some of the thousands of Quebec housewives flocking to the adult classes all over the province.

The famous old convents of Quebec—like the Monastère des Ursulines and the Convent de Jesus-Marie—are still the training grounds of many girls of old French-Canadian families, although a number, like some of our Councillors, now go to either of the big modern Catholic or Protestant high schools of the city. France Gagnon and Alice Pelletier both have attended the Ursuline Convent since they were small children. It was a very special privilege to be permitted out for our Council talkfest; an even greater one to be al-

convent or take cultural subjects in your drawing-room to love music and painting and literature in Quebec. A French radio network official spoke about it.

"Teen agers here don't feel that they have to make a choice between long and short hair stuff, in any field. They absorb and love both."

All our Councillors, for example, are ardent symphony fans and flock to concerts and art shows as eagerly as they play tennis and basketball, or jive to the juke box at the St. Louis (dubbed the "Milk Club," because of its strict soft drink ruling).

"But why not?" asked pretty Barbara

"But why not?" asked pretty Barbara Morton, whose lovely voice is being trained. "Surely liking hot dogs doesn't mean you won't touch filet mignon."

And Louise Roy, her big eyes moving over the Council tea table, added, "Because we come to tea on Sunday, or go to our friends' houses to sew for the Red Cross or play mah-jongg or help with receptions and teas, wearing hats and gloves . . . surely we can still love our slacks and our bobby socks and habitant toques! You saw us on our bicycle hike, didn't you? Can't everything have its place?"

We talked of marriage generally, and one of the prettiest and most demure French-Canadian Councillors suggested, in her carefully chosen English, "Of course, I agree with the girls that the husband must be head of the house; that is, the wife should be so delicate in her

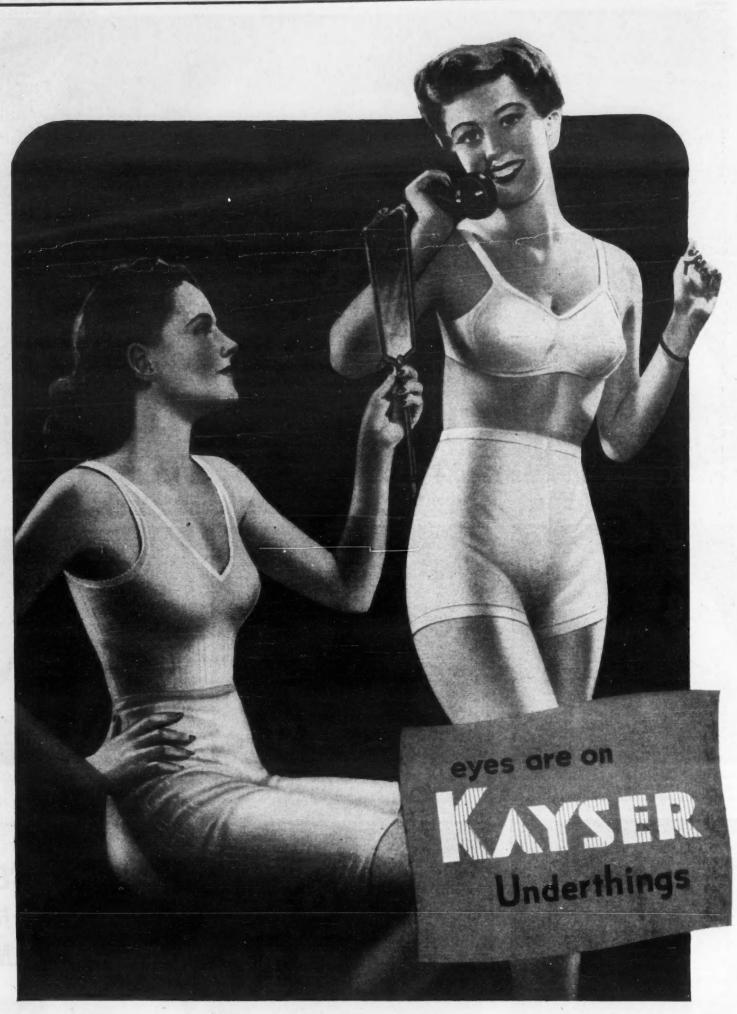
♣ Continued on page 87

### **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children

# Chatelaine Tushions





KAYSER - HOSIERY . GLOVES . UNDERWEAR . LINGERIE

Chatelaine, December, 1946 - 37



One of the season's loveliest, a turquoise blue crepe negligee, has its bodice almost entirely of rich lace, with skirt front repeating the design. Note mandarin-type sleeves.

Top-figure width is very important because those long full skirts could look rather funny if the upper part of the figure were thrown out of proportion. And shoulder width is needed to emphasize the Scarlett O'Hara waistline.

You'll find that the widened shoulderline is a very smooth one, padded but slightly.

Prettiest of the sleeves are the pushup bishop ones. They have a romantic, moonlight-and-roses effect because they are full to the point of exaggeration.

All sleeves are either very large or cut on flowing mandarin lines. They're deep dolmans... and this type of sleeve, so difficult for any woman under five-foot seven, is at its best in lounging wear—perhaps because the long skirts give it a much-needed balance.

### They're Interior Decoration!

Colors that take to soft lights of lamps and fireglow range from palest pastels to deepest vintage shades. And because this is the era of fragile-looking femininity the pinks, greys and blues are high-fashion pets. Black and pink, that bewitching twosome, is an ageold irresistible . . . you'll see a lot of it—and want it!

### **Material Evidence**

The quality of the materials in the new evening-at-home wear is exceptionally fine. Good rayon satins and crepes (both plain and quilted), silk rayon jersey, velvet and lightweight woollens are the favored fabrics. They co-operate nicely with draping and gathering, all in the cause of soft fullness. Watch, too, for the very new printed bengalines whose extremely full skirts have that whispering rustle.



For a lazy-daisy evening a white satin quilted housecoat like this one is both beautiful and dutiful. Fashioned on princess lines, the quilted satin has warmth without weight. Collar and cuffs are frosted with silver sequins, star motif.



### Be lovely to love

Make the famous Fresh test. See why more women are switching to Fresh than to any other deodorant.

Fresh stops perspiration worries completely. Fresh contains the most effective perspiration-stopping ingredient known to science.

Fresh stays smooth...never sticky or gritty...doesn't dry out in the jar.





# Firelight Fashions



by EVELYN KELLY

All garments, accessories and settings courtesy T. Eaton Company Limited

Day in, day out, there's the routine of housework or business . . . and, after day is done, those blessed twilight-to-twelve intervals when she revels in the most stringently rationed luxury of this 20th century, her leisure.

There'll be many wonderful, lazy evenings spent at home this winter . . . while snow drifts against the windows, and logs in the fireplace flame and crackle . . . to the strains of Strauss or Crosby!

### Your Private Life

Daytime togs and formals will be put aside for smooth-looking, strictly stay-at-home creations, like the ones we've photographed for you. They have nothing in common with those cosy old "upstairs" numbers that prowl in the night during sieges of toothache or insomnia.

This winter's hostess-or-leisure wear shows a very definite purpose back in the minds of our best lingerie designers. And that is to give us garments that are not even remotely suggestive of the words "kimono" or "dressing gown."

You don't even hear those names in the feminine world! It's "hostess gown, housecoat, negligee, downstairs coat, peignoir" or so on—and all done up with a flourish to make an event of just being at home. (And . . . note to gift-minded husbands: because the fashions have changed so completely, she'll crave a new glamour getup this Christmas!)

### The Subtle Story

Some of the very suave hostess gowns et al. (like the one just below) could actually double for smart dinner frocks.

Straight, skimpy skirts are just not seen. Yards and yards (or so it looks) of material sweep from waist to instep length. Some of the skirts are cut in great circular flares that fall rather smoothly around the hips, swirling at the hems. Others have several inches of hip-deep shirring from the waist, which gives them a very full dirnd look.

which gives them a very full dirndl look.
You'll be thankful that wrap-over
skirts (though these are in the minority)
stay wrapped over when you sit down!



This grey silk jersey hostess gown has all the sophisticated elegance of a dinner frock! The soft fabric falls into smooth drapery in deep-cut armholes and a generously full skirt; the belt is wide and buckled, accenting the willow waist.

### Cold Spell Coming!

Be ready for the months ahead with cosy hand-knitted gloves or mittens. And keep little ears covered with a snug helmet

These well - shaped knitted gloves are the kind you'll want to wear all winter . . . they're so very trim and cosy. The wide ribbing is effective, and the gloves have a deep generous cuff to keep wrists comfy. No. S157.





Heavy knitted mittens appeal to everybody in zero weather . . . for skiing, or just to pull on over your lightweight gloves for about-town use. This stitch counts up quickly, is easy to follow. No. S156.

Jack Frost can't bite hands or ears when she covers her curls with this ribbed knitted helmet and tucks her coat sleeves into these long - cuffed mittens. And she'll love the appliqued lambs. No. \$155.



Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S157, price 5 cents; Order No. S156, price 5 cents; Order No. S155, price 10 cents.

# "Know what I want for Christmas?"



for Colonial Sheets—and I'm pretty sure I'll get them.
You see, husband Jack loves their satin-smooth finish, too—and our budget loves their long-wearing,
economical quality."

EVERYBODY wants them, so they may be hard to find in the stores, but gosh! are they worth waiting for! So keep on trying—you'll be lucky some day and strike a store just as its quota comes in.



What sheer loveliness to receive . . . or give -Nylons by Mercury this Christmas! Mercury Nylons are knit with exquisite precision . . . tailored to the foot . . . with new rounded French heel for perfect fit top to toe. Gossamer-sheer flattery in softest, newest fashion shades.



Made exclusively at Mercury Mills, Hamilton, Canada

Good black velvet is welcome news for the tailored-by-day gal who wants something dark but smart for her after-dinner leisure.

Allover cotton lace, delicate-looking but firmly woven, is back again in negligees and boudoir sets. On page 35 you see two of the attractive ways in which it's used: our fair-haired model wears a black lace negligee, called a "downstairs coat," piped with pink satin, over a gorgeous pink satin nightie, appliqued in black lace. Her companion is wearing a bridal set (gown and robe) of heavy rayon satin, pale pink. Very fine lace is shaped into the wide midriff waist and forms the cuffs of extremely full bishop sleeves.



Dinner at home is the occasion for these black velvet pyjamas with cavalier tunic, deep-sleeved and flare-hipped, and slim, straight-cut pants. The front of pale pink panne satin, almost severely stiff, is lovely contrast.

Trimmings become more and more uncomplicated. Your eye appreciates rich fabric, graceful styling and luscious colors without being blinded by signboard decorating.

They range from the budget of the average working gal right up to the caviar brackets.

Some of the Canadian-made pastel woollens-similar in weave to pre-war homespuns—are surprisingly reasonable. Dressmaker types, they are beautifully styled, perfectly cut and finished And, whatever the style, the ma-

terial or the price, all these new firelight fashions somehow achieve the elegant air . . . a robe de style grace. They're lovely and feminine, carefully calculated to make us appear at our best, against our own setting. +



Smartest style is more than a word, with Gruen. And smartest style is far more than a mere claim applied to Gruen beauty ... it is a fact, endorsed over and over again by leading fashion authorities everywhere. Gruen precision is a tradition of craftsmanship, developed through generations of fine watchmaking.





CORNS STOPPED

### Instant Relief

NEVER wait! Immedi-NEVER wait! Immediately protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Pain vanishes—corns are stopped before they can develop! But—if you have corns, callouses or bunions—instant-acting Dr. Scholl's will relieve them almost like magic.

Remove Corns, Callouses You'll marvel, too, how the separate Medications in-cluded with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads speedily remove corns, callouses. No other method does all these things. Cost but a trifle. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toiletry Counters.





### D! Scholl's Zino-pads

D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. Gre intense itching. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

## SHORTS



### tastes and trends in the news

Seriously, this is the season, and the time, while fur prices are skyrocketing, to make the most of what you have. That old Persian collar? Put it on a muff form . . . or make a breath-taking hat. A swish of mink? Make it into big patch pockets for your suit. A little really good fur, cleverly used, will outshine . . . any old day . . . a lot of poor fur.

Innocent but luxurious . . . these new, clear, angelic pastels for spring. Pale pinks, peach tones, light creams deepening right into bright buttercup yellow, and orchids with both pink and bluish casts, promise airy-fairy effects for spring . . . particularly in hats.

Violets are blooming, according to latest Paris news, on the newest chapeaus. If you've green fingers with flower hats, now's the time to snaggle two or three huge bunches of posies . . violets, of course. Use them to give the new forward look to a last year's hat. Or if you're the gal who'll spend more than one evening for a supersuave effect, buy yourself a headhugging hat form, and cover it all over with violets, flower by flower. And do wear your violet cap in January!

Even the lambs will whistle when they see mortals in mouton. One of the neatest fur tricks of the season is this mouton "Leopard" that does partying or snowballing through the winter. Its beauty spots are not its only attraction for this coat is rain-repellent, sturdy and amazingly budget-wise!

Blues, too, are readying themselves for spring. Particularly the sky shades, toning from clear summer-sky azure right through to the deeper, greyed, just-before-the-rainstorm blues.

Men may feel more protective toward the gals who barely reach their chin, but the manufacturers have never given a hoot for us little women... until recently! We've always had to take up hemlines or waistlines, or else go juvenile in junior sizes. But no more! They're designing sophisti-

cated clothes to our precise measurements, with shorter hemlines and bodices, vertical lines, scaled - down trims. Now we won't have to look as though we're standing in a hole.

Plastic prints are being produced by a Canadian mill by high-speed precision printing methods. You'll be meeting them doing durable duty in raincapes, shower curtains, garment bags, beachwear accessories . . . wherever really beautiful lightweight waterproof material is needed. Just listen to this: they're color-fast, not affected by acids, oils OR changes in temperature . . . and they will not crack!

Did you hear that it takes approximately 2½ miles of nylon thread to make one pair of full-fashioned nylons?

**Season is open** for trout flies in glamour pins, we're told. Of course, they're flecked with bits of silver and gold, with a sly twinkle of bright stones in their eyes.

Pure silk stockings, claimed to be full-fashioned and ladderproof, have been introduced by a United Kingdom firm. No news as to when they'll be on the market, as production, we hear, is still in the experimental stage.

Of all things! Now it's herringbones, plaids, stripes and prints in leather gloves! It's really news, this latest process by which any design can be reproduced on leather. Gloves are only the beginning . . . shoes, belts, handbags, weskits and a score of other items soon will be made in this new patterned leather. Imagine the drama of butter-smooth doeskins, gaily patterned, accenting an otherwise quiet ensemble!

They're on their way, those dreary days starting off with wet snow that melts into a drizzle. You'll be thankful for spending your wits and time on a snood to protect your page-boy or chignon. Make it of one of the new sewable plastics, to fit your own special hair-do. Tack it or pin it to your felt hat lining (on the grosgrain band)... and everybody'll say how smart you are ... and look!

Out of the kitchen and into the ballroom come aprons . . . in clinging ruffled satin, crisp taffeta plaid or alluring net. With deep hem ruffles, fitted corselet waistbands and bustle-tied bows in the back, what a wonderful way of reviving a tired black dress!





## FASHION



WAISTLINE jewellery is the way they refer to the new belts. No such thing, this season, as a perfectly plain one! Plenty of silver and gold put strong accent on narrow middles, especially in the expensive-looking glamorizers made entirely of links or circlets.

The bare bosom look, reminiscent of the feminine Edwardian era, and achieved this season in new boat necklines and strapless evening gowns, demands a dazzle of jewellery against the dazzle of skin! Jewellers have willingly complied with rhinestones that are big . . . co-starring with silver, gold and pearls in dangling earrings, chokers, necklaces, brooches and clips.

Daytime jewellery has a longer agreent look too. For coeds, there are long pretty!

gold chains with bunches of coins at each end to be looped round the neck in various effective ways. For sophisticates: winding snake chains and 30-inchlong strings of beads or pearls with brooches or clips attached at each end. And Victorian cameo chatelaines lengthened to outline a plunging Uneckline or span the waist of a cutaway suit, watch-chain style. Clusters of bracelets on each arm.

The more expensive fur becomes, the more we want it! If you can't wangle a coat from your budget, try for a muff or a hat. And (they say) if you can't afford a fabulous muff or hat, put a leopard lining in an umbrella and wear it (not carry it!) with a green wool suit. Mmmm . . . sounds pretty!

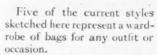
## Purse Proud



HE wrong purse . . . no matter how good it may be . . . can ring a very sour note in an otherwise perfectly detailed ensemble. For handbags have changed their lines as completely as all other styles in the fashion picture.

And, you don't carry a bag!

You wear it ... as the finalizing touch for your outfit.

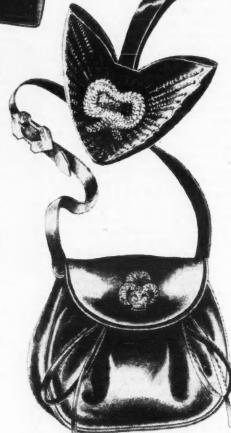


At top, you see a vanity cordé, styled for afternooninto-evening wear. In asym-metrical weave, it's on a firm backing . . . something new in cordé! Lined with black bengaline, clasped in gold and

Above: a black calf shoulder strap bag (adjustable strap) with a very tricky key clasp. Purely for suits and casual woollens.

The butterfly bag (centre), a black satin vanity, sequinned in gold and fuchsia, is for wear with your dinner dresses, either short or long.

One of the season's best is the mailman's pouch (right) of cocoa-brown crushed leather, with adjustable shoulder straps. A large bag . . . for tall gals only.



For evening, the envelope vanity, left, is in good taste. It's of gold and white metallic, lined in white bengaline, with a striking gold blob clasp. Stunning with your most elegant turnout!

Five designs by Parlslan Bags







FOR BURNS





FOR ROUGH, CHAPPED HANDS



# A FRIEND in your home

'VASELINE' Petroleum Jelly is a friend in so many times of trouble. Its soothing action provides dependable relief for cuts, burns, irritated throat, chapped skin and many other minor ailments. Always have 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly in your medicine chest. It costs only 10¢, 15¢ and 25¢ in jars, and 15¢, 20¢ and 25¢ in tubes. To make sure you get scientifically

prepared, chemically pure petroleum jelly of the highest quality, insist that it carries the well-known trademark, VASELINE.

'VASELINE' brand Medicated Products should be included in your First Aid Kit for home and for travelling. Use 'Vaseline' Borated Petroleum Jelly for inflamed eyelids or nasal irritations.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., Montreal







magic touch of Youth for grey Streaked hair

Young, lovely face . . . but oh! that grey-streaked, faded hair! Keep it evenly coloured with Ogilvie Sisters' Jumbo Hair Pencil-as easy to apply as lipstick or

Jumbo Hair Pencil: light, medium, dark brown, blonde, brunette or auburn. You can match any shade of hair in a jiffy.

make-up . . . and as easy to wash away.

Ogilvie Sisters' Hair Preparations available as better department and drug stores.

LILLICO LIMITED

### The Bishop's Sundial

Continued from page 15

her, the way he always looked at her She had seen him only rarely since his return, and he had been very courteous, detached and benevolent, and as far away as Mars. It was a good deal like going out with her Uncle Alfred. He still laughed with her, but rather absent-mindedly, without the rarefied quality of intimate and high delight which in the old days had held for her the achingly special something which set him apart from all the other boys. Why did she go on thinking of them as "boys"? Phil was a man now with a balanced stillness about him which was more than change. He had battled through a long time of dark and bitter things, the memory of which he could never share with any woman. She knew he knew it, but she knew also that he had come back and found her lacking in some way apart from this. There was no more of the husky quiver for her that used to lie back of his laughter; and the dark ardent burning was gone from his eyes.

He said, "The nursery? Your war work, eh, Lucy? Why don't you give it up and be yourself, now the shooting's over? There ought to be enough of the boys around to take up where they left off and frolic with you properly." There was no bitterness in his voice, and no resentment, only that terrible detached

amusement.

She stared at him. (Oh, Phil, don't send me back to my kiddy-car, don't, don't. I've graduated, no matter what you think.) But she tossed her head a little and said, "Well, of course, there's Dyke Henley and Jimmy Sterling . . . She halted lamely, thinking of the two or three who had not returned, and at the back of Phil's eyes she caught the sardonic flicker of pain; he was remem-bering them too. (He thinks things like that don't penetrate, he thinks I'm an imbecile child!) "But the nursery's kind of a habit, I guess," she finished weakly.

"Well-never mind, it'll pass. You kissed the boys good-by like a heroine when they left, you know—the thing to do now is concentrate on making them feel at home. That is, if they're still in that kind of a mood." He grinned easily, and pigeonholed the matter of how he himself, felt about that kind of a mood.

She looked into his face for a moment, at the flesh, taut on the sturdy bones. The mouth was firm and the chin was strong, and his dark hair was crisp and thick. (But it's eyes that make a face.) She tucked the cake box under her arm and turned to go. "I'll take it up with them," she said, and sailed out of the office with her head so high that she stumbled over the doorsill.

THE ELEVATOR swished downward with brisk finality, and scraps of longago talk flitted through her memory "Don't tie a boy to a millstone of responsibility when he has a war to fight. Too young-too young-you're both too young, it isn't fair to him. Write to him, send him things, be gallant and gay, but wait. Wait."

(I'm still waiting. Did he think I kissed all the boys good-by? He said so. Why wouldn't he have known he was the only one who got kissed? Ah, stupid! Why doesn't he just know the way I know? The boys are back now, but they

+ Continued on page 44



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ning to

remember—one chair short."
"Yes'm," said Thomas said Thomas Cassidy moodily. Lucy sat down at the piano and played a marching song. The children shuffled tensely around the chairs, and it was, as Lucy thought afterward, a matter of fate that Thomas Cassidy and Tony Morelli should have tried to sit on the same chair at the same time when the music stopped. It was as if they had

The playroom buzzed with Chinese

checkers and spin-the-platter, and the

napping small ones in the next room

began to wake up and chirp. She got

them up, swept them together and cried,

"Musical chairs! Thomas Cassidy, you

may fix the chairs in two rows and,

cracker, at the time of its explosion. "Boys! Boys! Thomas - Tony

both started to sit on the same fire-

THE OTHER children huddled away in a little group and watched, enthralled. Chairs overturned and crashed, and the two boys slugged it out. Thomas Cassidy fought with righteous fury born of his purloined sandwich, and Tony Morelli defended himself desperately. Lucy fluttered around their small struggling figures, plucking ineffectually at anything that came her way-an arm, a leg, a tuft of hair. The fight was going all Thomas Cassidy's way, when he tripped over a fallen chair and crashed backward, and Tony Morelli landed a wild right on his mouth as he fell. Blood spurted from his cut lip and Lucy sank weakly to his side.

"Thomas-you're hurt! Stay right here till I get the first-aid kit-

Jewellery TREASURED BEAUTY,

The thrill of giving is echoed by the thrill of getting jewellery of such exquisite beauty and smart styling. For here is a superb achievement of Canadian craftsmanship . . , to be presented with pride!

o wear with an air

Chatelaine, December, 1946 - 45

I'll get it," said Phil's voice behind Where is it?"

"Bottom drawer-chest by the window." Lucy didn't look up. It seemed in some way perfectly natural that Phil should be there, behind her. She dabbed gently at Thomas Cassidy's mouth with her handkerchief. "Hold still, Thomas. It'll just bleed more if you move."

Thomas pushed her hands away and sat up, looking around with groggy belligerence. Tony Morelli was standing off at a distance, panting, his battered face changing slowly from acute shock to pleased and gratified surprise. A pair of large brown hands eased Thomas gently back on the floor again, and thrust the first-aid kit into Lucy's lap. "All right, nurse," Phil said. "Get busy. Forceps. Sponge. Monkey wrench. Vise. Strait-jacket. Tape. There, now, There, now, young fella, you'll live to fight another day." The dressing, skilfully applied, obscured most of the lower half of Thomas' face, but above it his blue eyes blazed with hot rebellion.

"Is there anything I can do?" Lucy glanced up, and for the first time saw Janet Estey standing there, looking pale. (Good heavens—she has come for tea! And so, I guess, did Phil. Tea! Well, I invited them, didn't I?)

"Oh-I'm sorry, Miss Estey-I didn't see you come in. Thanks, but the shooting's over, now, I hope. Thomas, please shake hands with Tony, and be friends. Nobody won the fight, because you tripped, so you see how foolish it was to fight in the first place.

"What lit the fuse?" asked Phil. 'Tony took something from Thomas without asking, but I'm sure he's sorry,

Yes'm!" said Tony hastily, and blinked rapidly with the eye which was still open.

"He ain't so!" shouted Thomas thickly, through gauze. "He's already ate it and swallerec it!"

"It was only a sandwich," Lucy said. "Tony can apologize, and bring an extra one for Thomas tomorrow. And remember, Tony, it's wrong to steal."

"'Twasn't stealing! He didn't want it, he didn't ack like he wanted it, so I

"A good criminal lawyer," remarked Phil, "could do a lot for the defense with a case like that. Probably get him off scot free, jury unanimous." Lucy stared at him indignantly, and saw that he was apparently enjoying himself.

"It didn't make any difference whether he acted as if he—wanted it or not, Tony," she said stiffly. "It belonged to Thomas, and you shouldn't have taken it without asking."

"Technically," continued Phil, "you are right, in the blanket sense, which makes no allowance for the exception to the rule. But a good lawyer, with a proper feel for justice in the light of fundamental human emotional forces the eternal verities in terms of the survival of the fit—"

"He swallered it!" shouted Thomas again, but something, perhaps the bulky dressing on his lip, seemed to blur the impact of his agony. "He swallered it before I seen him!"

"There you are," said Phil. "He

should have been keeping an eye out. Remember-he gave every appearance of not wanting the sandwich in the first

place. Now, a good lawyer—"
"If you say that again," said Lucy,
"I'll scream!"



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came back to the girls who stopped being gay and gallant long enough to promise something. Why didn't I know? Because things were always going so fast, Lucy, you didn't have time to think about it

that way . . .)

She felt it again, the thing that was part of her, all through her blood and bones. If a thing was right, you touched it delicately and with infinite care, if you touched it at all. If it was honest goods, it grew and ripened of its own free will; you didn't plot or devise little tricks to keep it, because the thing that made it right was its simple, inevitable existence. It had seemed to her that Phil, before he left, had shared this way of feeling, that he had known. All through the high-keyed, fast-moving life of that time, all through the laughter and the music and the dancing, and the other boys. It had seemed to her that he had known.

She remembered Janet Estey's eyes and knew the girl was in love with him. Why not? She felt a surge of envy for her; Janet was close enough to touch the only thing Phil had come back to—his business. Janet had the inside track, the privilege of the helping hand and the understanding heart. It was more than the old story of a man and his attractive secretary. (But I wonder if she wanted him to eat that cake? I wonder if he wanted to?)

At the nursery, Martha said haggardly: "I'm glad you're back, and please get the police force the next time you want someone to take over for you. Of course I swore off the last time, but here I am again. Remember the last time? If you don't, I'm sure the fire department does."

'Oh, Martha! Another fire?' The terrible panic of the memory swept Lucy's mind and left her white-faced,

rooted to the floor.

"No, no—not yet—don't look like that, Lucy! They've just finished lunch, and Tony Morelli stole a sandwich from Thomas Cassidy. I tried to soothe Thomas with a quarter, but he refused anything except the return of the sandwich, which Tony had already eaten." "Well," Lucy said shakily, "if you

"Well," Lucy said shakily, "if you thought of anything to do about that, I'll be quite impressed. Did you try the

fire department again?"

"That isn't funny at all. But there's bad blood between Thomas and Tony, mark my words. The little girl with the eyes—Maria—keeps trying to draw something mysterious on her slate."

"I know. I told all of them to think of something they wanted to draw with the colored chalk, and to make it just the way they thought it ought to be. Thomas Cassidy was drawing a war when I left."

"I thought it was something like that. He kept grinding his teeth and chewing the chalk. But Maria hasn't got anywhere. She says she wanted to draw a flower, but nothing happens. She talks to herself, too." Martha huddled hastily into her coat and made for the door. "Good-by, darling. Peace be with you."

Lucy cut the birthday cake and watched the gobbling children. It was nap time for the eight youngest and she washed their hands and faces and tucked them away in the clean white cots that marched in a double row down the adjoining room. Some of them sighed and went quickly to sleep; others fidgeted and asked for a story.

fidgeted and asked for a story.
"Once," she began, "there was a princess with golden hair. She was

locked in a tall tower, which stood on a great rock beside the sea . . ." The fidgeting subsided and she sat for a moment in the dim light which glowed, diffused and soft, through the white drawn blinds. She felt infinitely tired. (You're getting old, Lucy. Beginning to—creak. Poor old Lucy.)

In the playroom again, she avoided the hot blue eyes of Thomas Cassidy, and the rather pale look of Tony Morelli. Maria Kouvelik still sat bent over her slate; Lucy went to her and for a moment watched the small fist clutch-

ing the colored chalk.

Maria sighed and looked up with tremendous, troubled black eyes. "I think to make a flower, Miss Cummings. It won't make."

It won't make."

Lucy bent and gently loosened the fingers that gripped the chalk. "Of course not, Maria. You hold the chalk too tightly. See? You must keep your hands soft and easy, and think more about the flower than you do about the chalk. So the flower will make itself."

Maria wiped the slate quickly and went to work again, her tense laboring figure bent over the slate, her fist grimly tightening. Lucy turned away. (Why did I tell her that? How do I know how to make a flower? I can't even make one

for myself.)

Pale sunlight slanted low through the windows and splashed whitish patches on the floor. Another half hour and the mothers would stop by for the children. It had been a long afternoon, so long that it was as if she were waiting for something. Waiting for what? (Habit. I've got the habit of waiting for something that turned out to be nothing.)



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### The Lady is a Rancher

Continued from page 16

the chassis of your car. Gophers llash across the tracks and down the holes which pit the pasture. It was much like this when the first pioneers jolted across the prairies to the foothills nearly a century ago. Ranch homes are far apart and sometimes a fence snaking over the hill ahead is the only sign that someone has been here before.

You come across the Ghost River Ranch suddenly. The car plods over a rise and there at your feet is the low, ancient log house, the corrals, a modern barn and the outhouses of Agnes Hammond's domain.

A TALL GIRL in a tweed skirt and sweater was swinging across the yard from the barn to the house with a fat dachshund weaving about her feet. From the house there was a roar like a mountain lion, and a brindled Great Dane pounded up to the gate.

The girl raised her arm in greeting. "Thor won't hurt you—he's all bark and affection," she shouted. He was: 125 pounds of it flung against one in an avalanche of hospitality.

Agnes Hammond's greeting was warm and hospitable too. She had one of those oval, friendly faces, whose apple-red cheeks and blue eyes all add up into a smile. Her fair hair was braided into a halo round her head and her handshake was strong and confident.

The first thing you did, irresistibly, on entering the log-lined living room of the ranch house was to walk to the window that took up most of one wall. Range land rolled away from the house to the banks of the Ghost River, and in the distance evergreen-covered hills climbed toward the Rockies.

"I always come back to it," Agnes said at my shoulder. "No matter where I travelled, I thought of this country. That, and my animals, made me a ranch

"You see, I could never resist buying a dog or a horse I liked. So about 10 years ago it got to the point where I had to buy a ranch to keep them all. Of course everybody thought we were crazy (my sister Tilda was in it with me at first); we were told we'd go broke and lose everything, and the hard work would kill us. Well, it hasn't so far." Agnes, robust and full of energy, was

"The ranch has even been a success financially, and it's been a happy home. What more could I ask?"

IT WAS easy to say it like that, casually and lightly, in a voice with a British clip. But anyone who has lived on a ranch in Alberta knows it isn't quite so simple as

An Alberta ranch sprawls for miles over hills and valleys. Agnes owns 1,600 acres of land, all solidly fenced in. "Yes, I do all my own fence riding," she said, which means that several times a year, in blizzard or blistering sun, she's out on a sure-footed horse, plodding inside her fences, making sure all are intact to keep horses and cattle on their home grounds.

At present she has 400 horses and 100 purebred shorthorn cattle, and they take a lot of girl-hours of work. During the war she was her own only hired hand. When a muddy reluctant spring came to the Ghost River she was out on the













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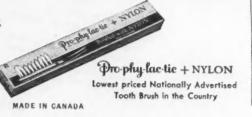
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Phil looked surprised, and a little jolted. He stared at her. "What's the matter, Lucy?

Janet Estey was moving rapidly oward Tony. "This little boy needs toward Tony. something for that eye. Perhaps if we bathed it-

But the mothers began arriving, and Lucy busied herself with helping to bundle the children up and get them off. Mrs. Cassidy and Mrs. Morelli left stiffly, keeping a good distance apart and taking firm charge of their respective offspring.

Janet Estey glanced nervously around the room and said, "I smell smoke."

Lucy found herself moving jerkily in a senseless little circle, her arms waving and her voice rising brokenly to a high thin note. "Well-the house is on fire, of course-why not? Lady-bug, lady-bug, fly away home, your house is on fire, your children will get-swallered-because I didn't keep an eye out. I didn't think I had to, I didn't know about human forces and the fit surviving and people stealing if you don't tie yourself with a-padlock-to the things that are honestly yours, and I should have kissed all the boys good-by to make it come out even, but like a dope I only kissed one, and a really good lawyer could make something of it, oh, a really good lawyer-" She began to laugh, and the laughter choked into sobs and a flood of tears.

IT WAS the first time in her life that Lucy had ever had hysterics. At home, alone in the pale beige and lime-green peace of her bedroom, she stared haggardly at her dishevelled face in the mirror. (Hysterical women, Lucy, are the curse of mankind. They make everybody who has to be around them miserable, and civilized people avoid them if humanly possible. There wasn't even a fire. It was only a piece of gauze in the ash tray on top of a live cigarette . . .) She picked up a hairbrush and began slowly working with her hair, feeling no familiar pleasure in its fragrant abundance. Bustling sounds belowstairs meant that her mother had come in from bridge, and her father was home from the office. Dinner would be ready in a few minutes—a faint sound of silvery jingling would be Ellie setting the table in the dining room. Lucy powdered vigorously; no amount of soap and water had been able to conceal the fact that her nose was red and slightly swollen, but the powder helped. (Save face, Lucy, for heaven's sake, save face!)

Face was why, when Janet Estey had olicitously asked her to join them for dinner, she had said she was busy. Phil hadn't said anything at all. "Thanks, but I can't, tonight—another date. I'll have to go home and remove all traces of having come unglued at the seams. I'm a little sensitive about fire, you might say. We had a real one last month-Johnny Pritchard was practicing to be a Boy Scout with two sticks, but he got bored and tried a match. It worked fine . . ." They brought her They brought her home and at the door she looked once at Phil and quickly away. His face was without expression and in some way infinitely old and tired. "Good night, you must come for tea some other time and I'll do better. I'll even try to think up something really impressive for the children to entertain you with, maybe an earthquake . . . " Bright light talk,

saving face. (How long can you save a

She awoke the next morning quietly, knowing that she had slept a long deep time, and that never again, as long as she lived, would she dissolve into hysterics. Yesterday afternoon had been climactic, and final. It was finished now; she had reached a peak in a relentless progression of mistakes, and it added up to some-thing which she had to face. There was nothing left to do but manage somehow, without burdening other people about it. She had the habit, now, of gallant gaiety -the hackneyed words twisted wryly in her mind. They were as automatic as her hands, playing the Brownie's March on the piano; as inescapable as her feet, taking her to the nursery in the morning, and home at the end of the day. (The better to care for other women's children, Lucy.)

She took special pains with th children, and now and then, with troubled eyes, she glanced at the laboring figure of Maria Kouvelik, who at every opportunity made for her slate like a homing pigeon. There was a terrible, dogged confidence about it which obviously had no room for any thought of eventual failure. Lucy tried not to look at her. Tony Morelli, with an impressive black eye, brought an extra sandwich for Thomas Cassidy, who ate it suspiciously and with considerable difficulty, due to his damaged mouth. The day wore on without catastrophe, perhaps because Lucy was unusually inventive with the games.

At half-past four she slipped in to see if the sleeping smallest children were awake, and while she stood there in the quiet dimness, Phil came in. He said, Hello.

"You'll wake them up!" she almost hissed.

"Well-time they woke up, isn't it? Time everybody woke up.

"That it is," she conceded lamely. "Feeling better?" He was looking

at her with curious, dark attention. Don't be silly. I'm young and healthy, and yesterday I lost my head because last month I was scared to death by a fire. It's like being dropped on your head when you're a baby. I'm sorry I

made a fool of myself." He said, "Queer thing-you didn't make a fool of yourself. You just pointed out something I used to know, in a time I'd kind of — forgotten. But—it's forgotten. coming back. I love you, Lucy. Do you love me?

Shakily, she watched the old look coming back to his eyes, and listened to his voice, dropping a note to the special sound for her. She said, "I've loved you ever since I was born, but I thought

Janet Estey had—swallered you—when I wasn't looking."

'No." He rubbed a hand across his face and grinned slowly. "Janet's a nice girl, but I don't think she ever wanted to put a birthday cake on a bishop's sundial at sunrise. Remember? that the idea has anything to do with a bishop, or a cake, it's just a matter of sunrise, and a couple of people feeling the same way about it, at the same time. Ah, Lucy-

In the playroom, Maria Kouvelik put down her chalk and sighed. She had finally made a flower. It was scarlet, with three rather wavy petals, but it had a fine stout stem and two bright green leaves. 4

The house, Agnes explained, is one of the oldest in this part of the West. It leaned back against the yellow hills, with its face toward the Ghost and Bow River valleys, even before iron track ribboned alongside the rivers. History has passed under its wide windows.

Belligerent Indian tribes that once kept pioneers' nerves on edge have dwindled until many of their braves are weathered, spindly old men like the Stoney who comes occasionally on his dejected horse to give Agnes a hand on the ranch. There is only just enough fire left inside him to direct his wife, mother-in-law and stepmother in the repairing of fence posts from where he sits smoking in the nearest shade.

There was much to look at in Agnes' living room: paintings, statues, an old blunderbuss, and flintlocks carried by earlier citizens of these hills. Practically everything had a story, but the rancher wasn't keen to talk about the firearms, or the elk and moose heads.

"I'm no female Daniel Boone," she said, nodding toward a deer head. "I was on that hunt, and I loved it, right up until we came to the kill. Then I found myself shouting, not shooting. I was screaming, 'Run, deer, run!"

"It was the same when I lived in England and went fox-hunting, I loved the chase, but not the kill."

Anything brutal puts icicles in Agnes' blood. When she goes to stampedes she finds herself shouting "Hurrah, hurrah!" when a horse bucks off a cowboy or a steer refuses to knuckle under during roping contests.

Near one window there was a lively pastel of a horse's head on an easel. On

a little pedestal was an unfinished clay model of a horse. On the walls were other models and sketches of Thor and of Fritz the dachshund in his slimmer youth. They are all well characterized with a trained hand—more outpourings of the Hammond passion for animals.

"Yes, I get a bit of painting, or modelling or pottery done every day," Agnes said, "except in the busiest season."

Here, I thought, is ranching turned into graceful living.

"I studied pottery making in England," Agnes went on. "It's one of the most satisfying experiences I know, to watch something take shape on your wheel. I hope to make native pottery here when I get round to building a kiln. I'll make a little profit out of it too. I get more time for things like that in the winter."

This was after she had described the heartbreak and work of looking after thoroughbred horses and cattle in 30 below zero weather.

"Cayuses, the native range horses, look after themselves," she had said. "But the thoroughbred stock that we have to leave outside don't do so well.

"We try to keep them in fields near the house, and in the coldest weather I have to go out and chase them to make them move around. Otherwise they lie down and moan. In the most extreme cold I have to pour food down them to try to keep them warm.

"I usually ride into the hills, too, a couple of times a week, to see how the animals there are getting along. It usually means a frozen ear or nose for me."

IT WAS lunchtime now and I trailed Agnes out into the kitchen where an old Dutch dresser painted bright blue and yellow, and gay pottery on little shelves, gave it a European look. Agnes was coping with the wood stove and the food the way she seemed to cope with the ranch. Thor was stretched in the middle of the floor and most of her movements were across him. A black Persian and her kitten, Inkspot, had appeared and were noisily bullying Thor.

But the confusion didn't bother the cook and she answered questions over the clatter. "Yes, I do all my own housework and cooking," she said. "I have a farmer and his wife living on the ranch now, but they concentrate on the grain and garden and dairy."

Activities on the Hammond ranch include a vegetable garden that keeps the ranch supplied all winter, and the raising of green feed for the horses and cattle. Agnes also makes her own butter. But meat? That's another snag.

"I hate to kill my cattle for my own use," she said. "But when I get some more buildings up, I really must. It's too hard to get meat here in the winter."

Agnes Hammond has a personality mixture that would not seem to make for practicability, but her ranch is selfsupporting.

"I'm not making a fortune, but I'm getting along," she said over the salad bowl. "Anything I've taken out of the ranch I've put back in again in the form of new buildings and stock.

"In the summer I sometimes take a few dudes, children of friends of mine who want me to teach them to ride. That helps out. And when I get my pottery kiln going I'll make a bit from that."

• Continued on page 51







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range rounding up her animals, seeing what damage the deep winter had done. When calving time came she was out every day, making the rounds of her cows, seeing that everything was all right. A little later the calves had to be brought in to be inoculated and have the Hammond brand punched in their

Agnes did it all herself like a toughened old rancher, except for the branding. She made a face as she talked about it. "I hate doing that," she shuddered. "I like calves and I couldn't stand to have the old-fashioned red-hot brands used on their tender hides.

The gadget she uses looks like a largescale punch which is clamped on the "It's the most humane way I know ear. "It's the most humane way I know of," Agnes said. "But I still feel sick when I feel it punch through the poor little thing's ear.

Leathery old ranchers laugh fit to kill themselves at these signs of feminine weakness in the roping and branding that is part of the running of a cattle

AGNES HAS a mind of her own when it comes to breaking her nervous young thoroughbred colts. Most ranchers let the mares with their foals roam the ranges even in winter, scratching at the snow with urgent hooves to uncover what dried grass roots or moss they can find. When the young horses are three or four years old, with the wild look of the hills in their eyes, they are rounded up and brought into the corrals for the first time.

Breaking a horse into the saddle is pretty rugged for both man and beast. It makes swell western movies, but that's about all. Sometimes the cowboy is broken and doesn't walk so well after the tussle. Often the horse, broken with clubs and spurs and whips, is a sad surly animal.

Agnes was still at the window looking out across her land toward a hill where a knot of horses grazed as the late autumn sun caught the sheen of their coats.

"Too many good horses in this country are ruined by western breaking," she said. "Usually it breaks the horse's spirit, and a horse is no good if his heart is broken." She came back and sat down in the deep chair beside the fireplace made of stones from the Ghost

"I don't break my horses," she went on. "I keep my mares and foals in for the first three winters, and feed them. I handle them from the time they are babies." She smiled suddenly and her eyes twinkled. "In fact, they're so sweet I couldn't keep my hands off them if I wanted to. I slip tiny bridles over their heads and when they get older I put light saddles on their backs. When the time comes for them to be ridden it's no trouble and the horse doesn't mind a bit.

"It saves me a lot of broken limbs, she added, "and it turns out good horses. My colts at two years are larger than horses of three or four that have been left out on the range all winter.'

A hard-headed rancher with the gleam of cold cash in his eye will point out that it costs money to feed colts all winter. and after all it takes a good cowboy or Indian only a few days to break in a horse the old way. They are working animals, the argument goes, not blasted Persian kittens.

But horses are pets as far as Agnes is concerned. I asked her, "Since you are in the ranching business, you must sell

your horses?'

"Oh, of course I do," she said, very businesslike. Then she added, "But I hate doing it, and I'm afraid it's sometimes not very profitable the way I go about it. You see, I never sell unless I'm sure I'm selling a horse to a good home, and then I always tack on a stipulation that if the new owner has to part with the horse it must be sold back to me. So my fields are full of tired old horses that have come home to die. I'd feel like a slaver if I sold my horses to people who would treat them harshly."

Even if Agnes is as particular as a worker for a Children's Aid Society looking for a foster home, there are always more good homes for horses than she can fill. She has large orders from England which she won't be able to fill

till next year.

"But I know the people they will be going to. They'll be well looked after in England."

WHILE AGNES talked, it was hard to keep my eyes from wandering around the big, pleasant-raftered room, with its hewn log ladder-staircase leading steeply up to the balcony and bedrooms. The rough furniture covered with bright homespun rugs, the trophy heads and animal pelts were mixed with antique pieces, old chests and bronzes from countries far different from the Canadian westland. But somehow the mixture, with shelves of books for background, seemed to catch the atmosphere of Alberta ranch life-the necessary blending of a new country with old traditions.



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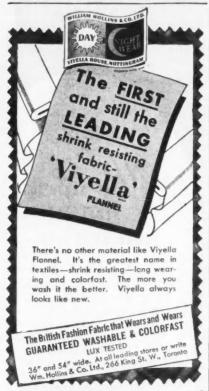
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Agnes doesn't smoke or drink and her kindness to dumb animals is almost an obsession. But she's a shrewd business woman too, as a few dealers and horse traders have found out.

"They come up here," she said, setting her firm chin, "and just because I'm a woman they think they can do me. And when they find out they can't, they call me a hard unfeminine woman. One cattle buyer came up here and offered me just one third of what I knew my cattle were worth. He called me names when I wouldn't accept his price. He stuck around all day and finally said he'd pay what I asked. By that time I was so mad I wouldn't sell the cattle at all. You should have heard the things he said about women in the cattle business.

"That's why I stopped selling cattle to individuals; they always tried to cheat me because I wasn't a man. I sell them to the stockyards now."

AGNES HAD been dropping fascinating hints about herself all morning: "While I was flying," "when I was a photographer in London," "when I was studying art in Paris." They didn't seem to add up, so over lunch served on the rough refectory table laid in front of a window, I pumped her story out of her.

The Hammonds were a large family. The father was a mining engineer, with interests all over the continent. The little Hammonds had to be parked somewhere, and the parents picked Banff. "So we passed our childhood there, surrounded by horses and dogs and loving it. I guess none of us had ever spent six months in the same school before that time."

Their growing-up years led them all far from Banff again before they filtered back, one by one, to Alberta. Agnes was sent off to school in France and England. But I wasn't very fond of formal education, so I studied what interested me."

In Paris, for a while, she studied art and modelling. "Then my parents decided it was time I was launched on a social life, so they took me back to England to be presented at Court, That was in 1930 and it was a sad experience. When I curtsied my knees knocked so loudly it must have made a clatter all over the palace.

"After that I went to the dogs. London society didn't amuse me very much, so I went into kennels to learn to raise English bulldogs and spent my time being a midwife to the dogs. After a year and a half of that I got the

photography bug,
"I took a course in London and
worked with a theatrical photographer
for quite a while. But I got tired of
taking lines and bags out of actors' faces.
But it was interesting living in London
where my eldest sister Gwen had become a stage star."

Thor, paws in air, was snoring on a settee, and the scene—log walls and foothills view—all seemed very remote from Mayfair as Agnes went on:

"The next thing I turned to was a business course. I thought it would help me conduct my personal affairs if I knew bookkeeping and typing. And it's been most useful at the ranch."

She looked out for a minute at the Ghost River, flowing sleepily by in the afternoon sun.

"I've done so many things it's hard to get them in sequence," said 34-yearold Agnes, bringing her thoughts back



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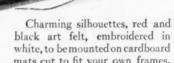
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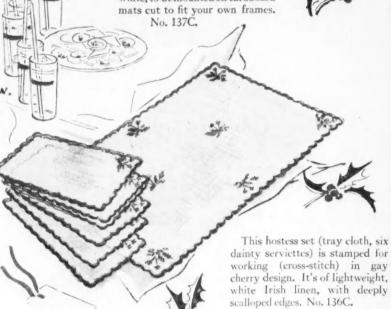
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F your skin is even a little on the dry side—then use Pond's new Dry Skin Cream. This special, new-type cream has a soft, satiny quality you'll adore. Smooth it on face, forehead, throat—hands, too. Leave 5 to 15 minutes—overnight if possible. So rich yet not a bit sticky. Use daily. Start today, and see the difference. See your face responding to its softening, soothing help—beless tight-stretched and dry feeling. See how tiny dry lines show less! At beauty counters everywhere—19c, 34c, and 59c.



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BATHER Jounless Jarriage gracefully into the winter picture with their sleek fur trimmed tops and snug fleece lining. Just ask your favourite footwear dealer for Gutta Percha Weather Styled rubber footwear to match your personality!



to the conversation. "I took a course in pottery making once, in England. Goodness knows when that was. And once in the United States I took a pilot's course and got my license."

About 10 years ago Agnes, with her sister Tilda (now married and living in India) bought the dilapidated Ghost

River Ranch.

"I often wondered myself why we drifted into ranching. I guess it was because we still had horses from our Banff days and we felt they weren't getting the care they should."

Before the war Agnes used to get away from the ranch, over to England or the Continent during the winters, but she stays pretty close to Alberta now.

"When I sell a bull, sometimes, I can afford to go down to Nassau to see my mother," she said. "But I can never stay as long as I intend to. I have to be doing something constructive."

AND AS if suddenly conscious of having sat still for a few minutes, she said, "Come on out to the stable. I want you to meet The Bard."

Ever since arriving we'd been hearing about The Bard and seen the trophies

he'd won at horse shows.

"You'll be proud to have known my Bard some day," Agnes said back over her shoulder as she swung open the big door. "After a little more training he'll clean up everything in sight at the horse shows."

Inside the stable a couple of goats and some turkeys scattered and there was a chorus of whinnies from the box stalls as heads suddenly appeared. Long thoroughbred necks reached out, trying to attract Agnes' attention as she passed.

She led The Bard out of his stall and he tossed his head haughtily at the others as she took him outside and the sun burnished his satin coat almost bronze. In a corral with log hurdles she put him through his paces, a rhythm in thoroughbred horseflesh thundering easily over the obstacles.

Agnes has shown horses throughout the West and she hopes The Bard will carry everything before him soon in Toronto.

"It's fascinating getting the horses ready for the shows," Agnes said as she rewarded The Bard with a lump of sugar. "We don't always win, but I still think I have the best horses anywhere. They're not all as vain as Bard, though."

Back in the spotless stable there were other, well-groomed horses to meet: Rockette, granddaughter of a Derby winner, with her foal, Sunspot; and others, each with a long pedigree of champion forefathers. And the proof of Agnes' training was in her horses. As she wandered in and out of their stalls they nudged her and tossed their heads when she boasted about them. Rockette put her head on my shoulder and laid her nose against my cheek.

her nose against my cheek.

Agnes laughed. "My horses all trust me. You can see why I couldn't sell one of them to an owner who would abuse him." And Agnes' stable records show her way of doing things has paid off.

Just before we left she had said, "I don't know where in life one could get as much satisfaction as I get out of my ranch. It's hard work, yes. But where else could I get the same happiness?"

The sun glinted on her freckles and in her blue eyes, and it didn't seem necessary for any outsider to try to ponder that last question.



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# Chatelaine Home Planning



Residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. MacLaren, Toronto

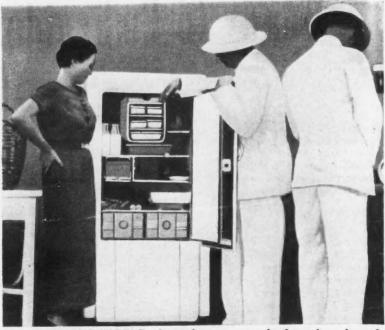
Murray Brown, Architect; Freda James, Decorator.

# The proof Of the Pudding





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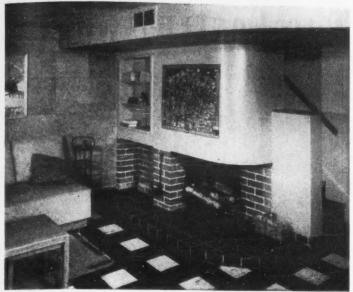
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# Westinghouse

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IT'S ALWAYS WORTH WAITING FOR QUALITY



Murray Brown, Architect

Freda James, Decora

An interesting modern style for a recreation room. Note second recess, at left, for piling firewood.

During the Renaissance, chimney pieces—as fireplaces and their hoods were called—became very ornate. The talents of the brilliant artisans of the period were lavished on their appearance, but their operation generally left much to be desired. Only after scientific study was made of the way which hearth and chimney should be combined to ensure proper draught, dispose of smoke and throw adequate heat, did



Something new coming on the market: a "packaged" mantel of good design, ready for quick installation.

fireplaces achieve any degree of efficiency. Gradually it became possible to reduce their size.

Until the latter half of the 19th century, fireplaces were the accepted method of heating Canadian houses. Dwellings with as many as eight of them were not uncommon, but stove manufacture and, later, the invention of central heating ended this era. The fireplace remains, but as a source of heat it is of secondary importance to systems employing a furnace or boiler. Our sentimental attachment to fireplaces, however, together with their value as decorative focal points, are guarantees of their perpetuation.

AS FIREPLACE construction has improved, rules governing design have been evolved. Based on centuries of experience, this knowledge is precious. Take advantage of it if you desire a fireplace that will operate satisfactorily. In fireplace design success is measured by the frequency with which you light the fire. You'll be tempted to do it often if it burns cheerfully, provides generous warmth and does not smoke!

A great deal of research has gone into fireplace design in recent years, espe
\*\*Continued on page 103



Clare G. MacLean, Architect

Built-in bookshelves make attractive balancing features on a fireplace wall, as in this comfortable Ontario house.



The Crane line includes sinks and cabinets adaptable to the most modern "planned kitchen" designs, to give you a host of practical shortcuts to reduced kitchen chores.

Bathrooms, too... They can be both attractive and convenient centres for family cleanliness and health as well as for the soothing, therapeutic baths taken to relax tired muscles or strained nerves.

\* \* \*

Supply is not yet equal to demand; but it is not too early to plan for a brand new home or to give the old one a facelifting. Consult your Architect, and Plumbing and Heating Contractor. In the meantime, ask for the latest Crane literature—listed on the left.

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- 1A "Planning the Bathroom and Kitchen". 24 pages of practical ideas for the home you plan to build.
- 28 "Plumbing Fixtures and Heating Equipment Now Being Manufactured". A product booklet.
- 3D "Gerity 'Lifetime' Chrome Bathroom Accessories". Lustrous soap dishes, towel bars and other items of modern design.
- F4 "Choosing the Heating System For Your Home"—16 pages describing and illustrating various heating methods. You select the one which fits your purse and purpose.
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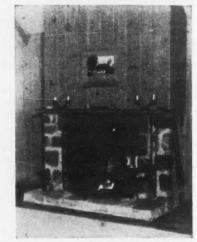
THE EASY WASHING MACHINE CO. LIMITED - TORONTO, ONTARIO

A fireplace is no longer an essential to domestic life and comfort, yet it's still the heart of an attractive room and the means to a hospitable atmosphere

O CHILDREN a fireplace is something from which Santa Claus emerges after a sooty slide down the chimney. To parents and older folk it has deeper significance. Once strictly utilitarian, now chiefly decorative, the hearth seems to symbolize our concept of home. Especially at the festive season does it seem appropriate to gather around the cheerful, crackling flame it shelters.

The fire burning on the hearth of the modern house is no different in its properties from the one kindled by our primitive ancestors, but fireplaces did not always exist in their present form. In fact, in earliest times they did not exist at all! For warmth, cooking, and protection, the prehistoric family simply kindled a blaze at the mouth of the cave in which they lived. Later, when rude dwellings of stone, skins or branches were erected, the fire was brought indoors.. At first it was placed on the ground, later on a raised hearth. Little provision was made for the escape of smoke. Sometimes it had to find its way out under eaves, or often through a hole cut in the roof.

Introduction of window glass, and the gradually acquired knowledge of im-proved construction methods called for a better solution of the problem of smoke disposal. In the 13th century smoke turrets came into use. These were simple louvered structures, something like the ventilators employed today on barns and stables. Placed over an opening in the roof they provided an exit for smoke without admitting bad weather. A hundred years later the hearth was moved from the centre of the room to the side, and the first chimneys were introduced. They were long, continuous



A. Leslie Perry, Architec

Rustic style—well suited to knotty pine panelling in a Laurentian ski lodge. panelling in a Laurentian ski lodge. Hearth and sides of split fieldstone.

flues built into the wall. Though intended to carry the smoke directly from the fire to the outside atmosphere, the principles of draught were unknown and these early fireplaces had a pronounced tendency to smoke. Enormous hoods were built over the fires to offset this shortcoming.

While the change in location of the hearth helped eliminate the smoke nuisance, it resulted in loss of heating efficiency. Heat, formerly radiated in all directions, was now confined to one direction. What more natural development, then, than to make the fireplace opening large enough to accommodate benches on each side of the fire? On the benches members of the entire family could sit and warm themselves!



Under-emphasis can be effective. This simple fireplace frames its opening with marble and painted wood molding.

# IDERS



Nothing quite so cheery as a gay, chintz-covered vanity with plate glass top . . . a plain, unframed mirror above it.



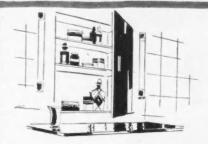
Use plate glass shelves for your linen cupboard. You can see from below where things are. Light at top of cupboard shows through glass shelves.



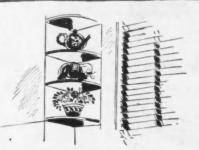
The full length mirror in one or more doors is simply a "must". Better have one upstairs, and one down.



To be smart and immaculate, bathroom shelves are best made of plate glass—beautiful, moisture-proof, stain-proof.



Only plate glass has the washable stain-proof qualities needed for medicine cabinet shelves—also the shelf underneath.



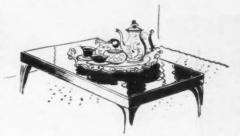
Polished plate glass shelves will smarten up any kitchen, breakfast nook or sunroom. Easy to keep sparkling clean.



Window sills are best made of structural glass. Wooden sills can be protected with plate glass. It won't stain or discolor.



Window ventilators of polished plate glass eliminate direct drafts —are attractive too.



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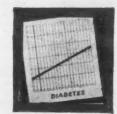
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Can you answer these questions about

### DIABETES?



### Q. Is diabetes increasing or decreasing?



A. If present trends continue, the number of diabetics in this country will increase by 18% from 1940 to 1950, largely because more people live to reach middle and old age. Fortunately, doctors today can help control the disease; in fact, nearly all diabetics aided by modern medical science can lead full, active lives. Since the discovery of insulin, the average length of life of diabetics has increased greatly.

### Q. What studies hold hope for the future?

A. Medical science knows more about diabetes than ever before, and constant research on new types and more effective combinations of insulin is being carried on. A chemical compound, alloxan, which can produce experimental diabetes in animals, has provided a new means for studying the disease. Further hope for progress lies in new discoveries about the utilization of sugar in the body.



### Q. Does diabetes have warning symptoms?



A. There are usually no symptoms in early diabetes, but it can be detected by the presence of sugar in the urine. Periodic health examinations, including urinalysis, are the most effective way of discovering the disease early, when it is easiest to control. Once the disease has developed, definite symptoms appear, such as constant hunger, excessive thirst, loss of weight, and continual fatigue.

### Q. Which people are most likely to get diabetes?

A. Those who are overweight, those who are between the ages of 40 and 60 (especially if they are stout), and those who have a diabetic in the immediate family.



### O. How can medical science help the average diabetic?

Diet, insulin, and exercise are the major factors in controlling diabetes. Successful treatment depends upon the closest co-operation between doctor and patient in keeping these factors in proper balance.

The physician determines whether the patient needs insulin and how much, as well as the amount and kinds of food that best meet his needs. The patient learns how to live with the disease, and concientiously follows the doctor's instructions — thus guarding against complications that affect the arteries, heart, kidneys, and eyes.

Even with diabetes, it is usually possible to enjoy a nearly normal life.

For more detailed information about the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet entitled "Diabetes." Address Booklet Dept. 126-L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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### The Festive Board

 five easy-to-follow suggestions by HARRY MACDONALD



Buy a dozen and a half good-sized candy canes. Invert four around a tall candle and tie securely presto, a Christmas candlestick! For centrepiece use a shapely fruit tree branch, paint white, sprinkle with artificial snow while wet. Hang canes on it

Popcorn place cards for a children's party. Make popcorn balls in three sizes, tier as shown. For eyes, etc., use raisins or apple seeds.





For the teen-agers' party and those inevitable soft drinks, nestle bottles against crushed or block ice in big wooden salad bowl or small tub; stick in holly sprays and polka dot cloth with sprigs of the same.

Right: Feathery pine and jewel-like shafts of cranberries strung on wire, bent to graceful shape. An ordinary aluminum loaf tin makes a good container.





A humble six-quart basket can be glamorized! Paint outside and handle—all white, or all gold, or in broad stripes of red and white. Heap up with the season's fruits and nuts (gild a few, but don't eat these!), stick in pine branches, finish off with big bow.



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# Which kind of coffee shopper are You?



7. Today, there are two kinds. Both want the full enjoyment of roaster-fresh coffee. But one only hopes for roaster-freshness because she doesn't know the facts about coffee packages. WHILE...



2. The other never guesses about roaster-fresh flavour and aroma. Now, that she can be choosy again, she insists on coffee in vacuum-packed metal cans. She knows that air and light soon destroy coffee goodness. AND...



3. She knows that the vacuum-packed metal can is the only container that keeps out all air and all light indefinitely. Coffee, ground and packed in vacuum-packed metal cans fresh from the roaster, stays roaster-fresh until opened for use.



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# Good Listering by Allan Sangster

JOW, AS waxes the open season for gramophone listening, the lists of new records grow longer and more varied. There is a new set of the Franck Symphony, the first Canadian release of Bach's Goldberg Variations, Ibert's Ports of Call, the third and fourth Brandenburg Concertos, and a great deal more—more, in fact than there will be space to discuss, especially as this is the month for some Christmas suggestions.

The first Christmas suggestion, to be taken with great seriousness, is this: If you have your mind set on a flock of records as gifts, either for yourself or your friends, go after them NOW, or, better still, contemplate the results of November forehandedness. Pressings are trailing the demand; if you leave your Christmas record shopping till the middle of the month you may find your dealer's shelves as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

For year-round listening, which is what records are for, good and interesting music wears better than specifically Christmasy music. With that in mind, these suggestions are an invitation to consider a few things which you may have overlooked:

Satie: Gymnopedies No. 1 and No. 2, V1965—one 10-inch; Mozart: an Oboe Quartet, with Leon Goosens, probably the world's finest oboist, Col. J65—two 12-inch; Beethoven: Eleven Viennese Dances, Col. J25—two 12-inch; Handel: The Faithful Shepherd Suite, Col. D82—three 12-inch; Bizet: Symphony in C Major, four 12-inch. Hear both albums—in some respects the older Victor set is preferable to the new Columbia. Schubert: Trout Quintet, V DM 312—five 12-inch; Berlioz: Fantastic Symphony, V DM 662—six 12-inch.

These records are all well played and well recorded, the prices run from one dollar to nine, they all contain music which is either pleasant or notable or both. They are, incidentally, all in my own collection, they have been for years, and I still play them with pleasure.

For children, Peter and the Wolf is still a top favorite. Victor's has the superb playing of the Boston Symphony and a slightly pompous narration; Columbia's has livelier narration by Basil Rathbone and the somewhat inferior playing of the All American Orchestra. Columbia's new release of The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met, from the Disney movie, "Make Mine Music," is also worth considering for the juvenile department. Nelson Eddy is head man in this, singing in three different voices and talking in several more. My guess is that a lot of it is done with mirrors, montage and microphone magic, and the effects, while somewhat less than miraculous, should appeal to the moppets.

When we come to the lower brackets

-jive, hot, and swing-I have to admit at once that this is not my alley, my whole knowledge of the subject having been gleaned from two readings of Dorothy Baker's "Young Man With a Horn." However, wrong-minded friends who do profess to know a break from a groove have come amiably to my rescue. They opine that two new Brunswick albums will make the addicts swoon: one features Gene Krupa on drums, the other Harry James on trumpet. They further assert that two of the newer Victor albums of Hot Jazz Classics are worthy to spin on any turntable-one contains Bunk Johnson's New Orleans style piano, the other is Esquire's All American Album. They finally depose that Eddie Condon's George Gershwin Concert album (Decca), and a new album of Calypsos (Disc) are both distinctly collectible

### The Goldberg Variations

First place among the recent serious output must go (and here I am being frankly and admittedly long-hair) to Victor's release of the "Aria with Divers Variations for Harpsichord with Two Manuals," by J.S. Bach, better known as the Goldberg Variations and played by Wanda Landowska. Several reasons compel this choice: the music itself, which is, in the words of Virgil Thompson, "one of the monuments of musical art"; the fact that it is played by Madame Landowska, who is certainly the world's most eminent harpsichordist and probably one of the greatest of living musicians (as well as one of the hardest to get along with); the fact that this is the first time this music has been made generally available in Canada; finally that it is excellently played and recorded with rare quality and fidelity.

The album is one of the best I have seen, with copious notes on the music, the harpsichord, the critical comments the music has evoked, and with almost everything else german to the performance except a score and a working model of the harpsichord. Victor must also be commended for, in this one case, complying with a request which the critics have been making for many years: the record labels give the date and place of recording. This information should be on all labels, and, now that recording has reached a standard of quality whence there are unlikely to be any abrupt departures, there is no single valid reason against it.

The work is long—there are in all 30 variations—and these, with the statement and repetition of the theme, occupy 12 well-filled sides. You may feel that 45 minutes of harpsichord music is too much, and that you don't care to spend nine dollars on one unconscionably long piece for one single instrument. To this I can only reply that Johann Sebastian

\* Continued on page 86

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school, or you'll be late," she said briskly, unexpected happiness flooding her throat. "I'll take the tray up."
"For sure, will you?" Judy asked.
"For sure."

David had been struggling into his windbreaker. Josie caught a glimpse of his face as he picked up the brown paper bag in which he insisted on carrying his

What's the matter?" she demanded. Judy looked at him too. His prominent lower lip was trembling, tragedy lurked in his eyes. "It's his fractions," she said. "He always feels like this when they have 'rithmetic. He doesn't know them and Miss Hobbs bawls into him.

"I know fractions good," Josie said. The small boy's face brightened visibly under her 100k, and to her own surprise she heard herself adding, "I'll help you tonight.

IT WAS David's fractions that brought about the second quarrel between Josie and her friends of the factory days. David's trouble with fractions came to a peak at dinnertime one Thursday.

"The 'xam's tomorrow," David said, choking on his mouthful, "An' Miss Hobbs says she'll put me back a grade if I don't get a pass." His eight-year-old

world was drowning in woe. "Will you help me, mummy, after tea?"

"Oh, dear," Mrs. sighed, Scott worry frown on her forehead. "I have to go out and see a client. He had no time earlier today, and if I can sell him that house . . .'

Judy took a quick look at her mother. That frown had come since daddy's death. Since The Job. David's eyes were clouding again. He was such a baby.

"I'll help you," Judy told him gruffly.
"You never 'xplain so I understand," David said desperately.

Josie paused at the pantry door, dishes in her hand. "I'll show you," she said. 'I know an easy way to show you."

Theyere fractions of eight," David said, brightening. Josie went into the library to phone

after she'd taken the dessert in and put the coffee on for Mrs. Scott.
"I can't come, Lettie," she said.

"What a heck of a job, not even getting your evenings," Lettie shrieked. We changed the party, too, just for you! Tell them where to get off. They can't afford to have you get mad and leave.

"It isn't anything like that," Josie said. "It's David's fractions. He has his exams tomorrow and he doesn't know them

"I wouldn't let them put on you like that!" Lettic cried. "Let the kid flunk!"

Josie had thought of suggesting that she get to the party after David was in bed. But now she suddenly found herself angry. "It's important to him," she tried to explain. "And he's got the tried to explain. "And he's got the jitters now. I wouldn't want him to go to bed worrying. We've worked so hard Chatelaine, December, 946 - 63

at them I couldn't bear if he failed." Well"-Lettie's voice was angry too "if that's the way you feel! If a rich brat means more to you than us, your friends, it's okay by me." The telephone slammed.

Josie stood staring at it a minute. She was a nut all right, giving up a party for nothing. Still, how could you live in a house without getting sort of interested in the people in it, even if it was just a job. This wasn't like the factory where your work was with machines that just ticked away automatically. This was-Josie rubbed her forehead hard trying to get it clearly into her mind-this was with people, whether you wanted it or not. And you couldn't just turn people off at five o'clock, like you could machines. She didn't quite understand what it was she was trying to get at. She sighed and answered the dining room bell.

Yet later, when drowsy David, completely at ease with fractions now, after Josie had shown them to him with the aid of an orange broken into eight sections, leaned against her shoulder to say his prayers, she suddenly thought she knew. It was being warm when you did something that was right, when you did something that was right.

and jab at her, and for these she used Harold as a safety valve. Not that she could tell him all. Not about the morning Mrs. Scott had come to her room

Nativity

By R. H. Grenville

The merchant's wife had golden rings

Caesar's love had jewelled arms

And faintly perfumed hair:

And purple robes to wear,

The finest threads were spun

But Mary was surpassing rich:

And for the rabbi's sister

Mary had a Son.

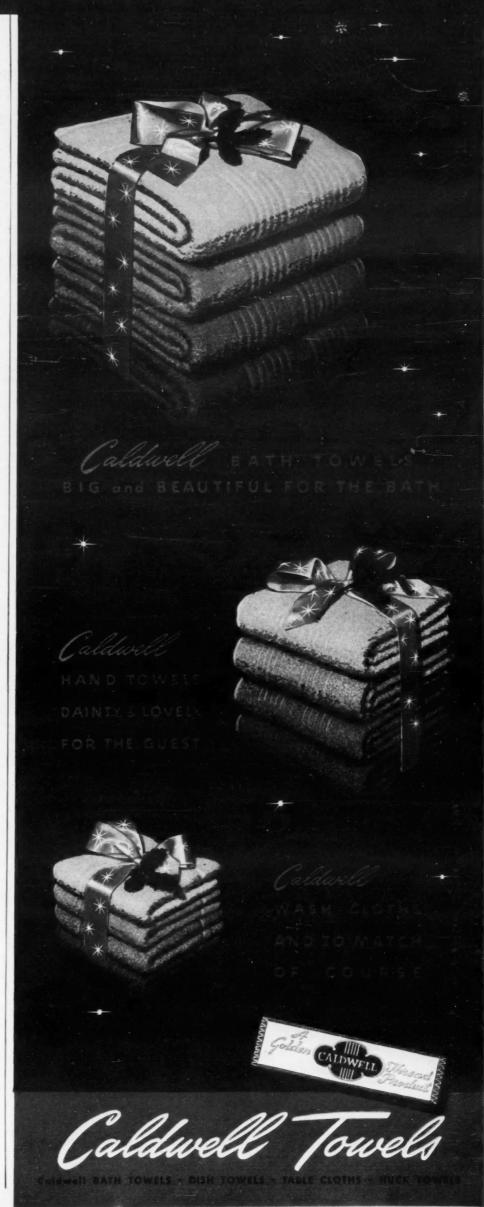
and told her to air it and to air her shoes because of the smell. Josie felt badly about even remembering it. What right had she, what right at all, to criticize like that! And when Mrs. Scott had the dinner party and changed the table all around after Josie had set it. Not good enough for her, the way I do things, Josie thought, well, just let her do them herself then. And harping on that cap. She

felt like a-a feudal slave in a cap. And all those women coming in, and calling her just Josie. At the factory she had been Miss Larkin. What would they feel like swilling their tea there in the sunny library if Josie were to go in and say, "Hi there, Susan. Hello, Margaret?" That's what they did to her!

She'd speak about this to Harold, her annoyance pouring over him in a torrent, and he would look at her with a queerly detached air and only sometimes, when the moon was big and they paused under the big elms lush with leaves now, did he reach for her hand and pull her close.

Sometimes he tried to make her talk about the kids. But the first time he tried it was on the very day David had come rushing into the kitchen, slipped, and stuck his elbow in the cake Josie had taken out of the oven, the day Judy had thrown a tantrum and shouted at her. "Little brats," Josie told Harold. "I can't stand kids."

There came a windy night, though, when the big old house rattled and shook, and Judy heard steps in the dark halls and cried. Mrs. Scott, leaving that morning on an out-of-town selling job,





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"Of course you can go out, Josic, on your night. Judy's nearly 13. That fear of hers is silly. It's about time she fought it under."

Harold was going to call as soon as he was through at the garage and they were going to a hockey game. Josie was all dressed, her hair brushed shiny, her new green suit pressed to the inch of its life, her pumps simply sparkling. Perhaps tonight — Harold — she was thinking, when she came upon Judy sitting on the bottom step of the stairs,

"Oh, Josie, I'm sure there's a man in the back hall," she said. "I heard him cough."

There is not," Josie said. "You come right with me this minute and see for vourself."

They went through the house, Josie a little angry and Judy trembling, "Hehe's probably going before us or". Judy whirled around—"following us."

"Stop it, you Judy," Josie said. "You'll work yourself into hysteries."

It was then the phone rang.

It was Harold and his voice was deep and friendly, and Josie's heart shook like a poplar leaf. But she could also hear the wind rattling the windows and making those queer steplike noises' in the halls, and she could hear David in his room, awakened probably by the wind and Judy, and she could hear Judy, a huddled heap on the bottom stair again, choking on

Life Can Be Beautiful

By MAY RICHSTONE

Events around here are usually

mumps, Measles, bruises, cuts and bumps, Altercations and vehement thumps.

But the nicest thing that happens

Is a long sweet lull of monotony!

Life can be beautiful, I agree

Life can be eventful, it's true: Surprises are delightful too. But not for this mother. No, thank

her sobs. "Darn, Harold," she said. "I'm alone in the house with the kids. She's out

of town until tomorrow. I don't see how I can leave them. Judy's working herself up into a good case of litters. Gee, I'm sorry."

She listened anxiously, the moment's quiet at the other end of the phone seeming to last forever. And then he said, and there seemed a strange

new note in his voice: "Okay, Josie. That's fine by me. Listen, I'm coming up by your house tomorrow with the tow truck to pick up a guy's car. I guess it'll be all right if I just look in a minute?"

"I guess so, Harold," Josie said.

"Sure, I guess so."

It was nearly half-past 12 the next day and David was loitering over his lunch in the kitchen when Harold came. He was big and quiet and he seemed to fill the room, and David grinned at him immediately.

Josie felt a little embarrassed about her uniform. She fussed at David, her bright young face scarlet. David grinned again. "She isn't this bossy usually," he explained to Harold. "I guess it's you."

"You go upstairs this minute, and

don't forget your hair and hurry or you'll be late," Josie ordered. "Hurry!"

David slipped out of his chair, "Oke," he said cheerily. "You're pretty good with kids, Josic?"

There was an odd anxiety in Harold's

"I don't know. You have to keep at them." Josie felt suddenly shy, "He'll forget about school in two minutes

tlat now if I don't call him again."

When David came down Harold said: 'I'll give you a lift in my truck, son.' And they went out together, marching across the green lawn through the dappled shadow and sunlight, and Josic, peering through the curtains of the scullery window, found a sudden unexplainable catch in her throat.

And she wondered about the odd thing Harold had made her say as he stood there for those few minutes. "What about your idea of keeping this as close to a nine-to-five job as possible, Josie?" he'd asked quietly, and she'd been tricked into saying quickly, "You can't do that in a family. You get to have responsibilities that have nothing to do with the clock."

IT WAS all a very funny thing. Josie thought, how you could get used to things. She'd never been able to stand the idea of Harold thinking of her as a maid, somehow being a factory worker seemed so much more independent or something. That was why she kept grumbling about the place to him, to sort of tell him she wasn't the maid type. And yet, now that he'd been in, everything seemed just fine, and he'd been so easy and pleasant about it. Almost as though he liked seeing her in a kitchen. Now, if she wanted to talk about the family, like David's shyness and Judy's being so afraid of the house

alone, sometimes, she felt she'd be able to do it.

She was both pleased and embarrassed to find Harold the main topic of conversation at the dinner table that To hear night. David talk about his tow truck was to hear the tale of Sir Galahad and his steed. Judy had confessed her fright and Mrs. Scott. laughing at David, said to Josie:

"You'd better call the young man to-

night, Josic. I'm truly sorry about last night. Call him now and then go right up and get dressed. Judy and I'll do the

"Oh, I'll do the dishes," Josie said, suddenly shy.

"You go on out," Mrs. Scott laughed, and then she said, "I want to thank you for staying with the children last night. I don't know what we'd do without you.'

Josie, feeling warm and happy inside, leaned out of her dormer window to breathe in the fresh air. A house was a wonderful thing to work in. It answered to your care, it glowed when you polished it, it seemed to gather about you when you'd done all your duties by it. And the people in it reacted to you just the way you acted toward them. You could never get this feeling of belonging in a factory, even if your hours were from nine to five. She started to dress slowly.

When she came down David was already in bed and Judy was at her homework. Mrs. Scott called to Josie from the playroom in the cellar.

She pushed a lock of hair off her forehead, smudged her cheek, and said, looking young and troubled, "Darn it

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all, Josie, have you any ideas on electric

Her hand indicated the conglomeration of tracks, batteries and bright red "I thought I'd have it all set up for David's birthday tomorrow, and now I can't even figure out how to connect the track, much less how to fix the current.

They were busily at work 15 minutes later when the back door bell rang.

"It's Harold," Josie said.
"Have a good time." Mrs. Scott grinned David's tremulous grin at her. If the light's still on down here when you come in, come and dig me out.

Josie and Harold loitered under the elms and there was urgency in Harold's fingers and a light in his eyes. But somehow tonight Josie wasn't hanging on the words that might come, the words her quick young heart wanted to hear.

"Do you know anything about electric trains?" she demanded, pulling away. "Can you make one go?"
"Sure." He threw his head back and laughed. "You're sweet, Josie," he said.

"Well, will you come and fix David's now? Mrs. Scott is going nuts trying to put it together. Would you mind, much?"

Harold's arm went quickly about her and gave her a light squeeze. "We'll go fix the train," he said.

It was after 11 when the busy red cars began to run up and down the tracks in answer to the sparking switch. The

whole three of them were hot and tired. The secondhand tracks had given them trouble.

They knelt around the low stand and Mrs. Scott whistled every time the engine rounded a corner. Josie was still awed by Harold's cleverness and by the quiet polite ease with which he talked to Mrs. Scott.

"I'm going to bed," Mrs. Scott said. "You two had better get something to eat. Finish that cake, Josie. And why don't you go and have it on the ver-anda!" She smiled and left them

And then Harold was suddenly painfully quiet again. He'd washed his hands and slicked down his straight blond hair while Josie got the cake out, and now he stood in the middle of the kitchen, filling it completely, as he had that morning.

He said finally, slowly, "What I've always wanted is a home with things to do in it, and kids. I didn't know for sure about you, Josie-girls don't seem to care for those things any more. I-I don't know how to say it, but that little

guy, David, said you loved children . . ."
"Oh, David," Josie said, and plunked the cake on the table. "If you mean will I marry you," she continued firmly, "I certainly will." And it was only 10 minutes later that she got out the thought she had:

"My kid sister Ann can take over here at Scott's," she said, a little breath-less. "I'd like her to be working with people." +

### The Christmas List

Continued from page 26

smiting your enemy on the jawbone too: it sounded like something you were told not to do. But this scene was somehow opposite to that, and yet he liked it.

He stood still, sniffing the strange smell of polished woodwork and brass mixed not only with cut flowers but something quite different and fascinating. There was something his father had said once about churches: "the odor of He could not ... the odor of ..." remember the other word.

A man in a black suit came up and said: "Don't touch anything, little man. Be careful there." So it was just like home and he wandered out again. But he could tell Maria with the black ringlets that he had seen the baby Jesus too.

HE LOOKED down a row of houses with snow all over the gardens and lots of lights inside, some of them colored. But most of them were too big to be easily included in his world. However, there was one small one with a coneshaped evergreen at each side of the door, and a string of colored lights on the porch, softly blurred through the damp glass. He approached it, hesitating, peered in at the glass half of the door, his breath making steam on it.

An old lady in a grey sweater came into the porch from the house and pulled at a little fir tree that was lying there. Its branches jumped up and hit her. Brian opened the door.

"Is that your tree?" he asked. "Why? Who are you?" The old lady was small and white-haired and wrinkled up in the face. Her eyes laughed. She was like his Granny so he wasn't afraid. She looked as if she would have time for little boys too.

"I am Brian," he said clearly. "Can

I help you put the tree in the house?" "That would be most kind of you," said the old lady. "I bought it from a boy not much bigger than you."

Did he sell trees? I want one. How

much did you pay for it?"

Brian fingered the quarter in his pocket: It was all he had left of his pocket money after he had bought the pipe for his father and the box of handkerchiefs for his mother, with the help of Alice.

"Do you think he would sell me one for a quarter?" he asked, pulling and tugging at the tree, "because it's late

now, isn't it?

"He may have gone home," she answered doubtfully, her voice muffled behind the branches. Then the trees went in with a bang, and she peered round it. "Did they send you out to buy one?"

"No. They got a silver one. Cheap, I guess."

She did not understand, "The boys used to make a stand," she said.

"Where are the boys? Aren't they He looked about him with pleasure. This was the kind of room where you could touch things, he thought. There were covers on the furniture, and a real fire in a fireplace, and magazines lying about, and a big white cat which came to rub against his legs.

"No. I'm all alone," said the old lady, her voice trembling on the worded situation. "I always go to my youngest son's for Christmas, because he's the nearest. He lives on a farm. But his wife was sick last week, and I wrote to say I could stay here and not bother them . . .'

Brian was not listening. sort of conversation which did not interest boys. He tried to get the tree into the large flower tub which the old IF YOU ASK ME

every woman goes into a telspin when someone gives her a log, besuttiful Christmas package by Richard Hudnutle YANKY CLOVER GIFT . Toilet Water Dusting Powder, Sachet Powder and Compr

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lady had set on the floor for it, but it refused to settle down.

"Perhaps I had better take it home,"

he suggested hopefully.

Just then a car drew up outside and a tall man in a brown overcoat came stamping up to the door and right on in.

He put his arms round the old lady and

said: "Come along, mother. Meg's better, and we couldn't possibly have Christmas without you. The kids would never stand for it."

The little old lady grew pink and flurried and young-looking. She smiled at Brian in secret triumph.

"Who's this?" asked the man. "Don't tell me you've adopted a little boy to spend Christmas with you."

spend Christmas with you."
"Oh, would she?" cried Brian eagerly.
He thought it would be splendid to drive
into the country through the night.

"Not any more," laughed the man.
"She needs boys to adopt her. Run along home, son."

"Can I have the tree then?"

"Sure, if you can handle it," said the

Brian grasped the tree firmly by its rough trunk and pulled it through the door, across the porch and down the walk. He felt strong and excited. He thought he would have one look at that laughing Santa Claus, and then he would go home. As he dragged it along the ground it became heavier and heavier, and he began to feel sleepy.

He started to cross the car-line street, following other people's walking feet as he always did, but the tree made him slow. He heard a car horn and then another, and people shouting at him. He thought: lights must have changed, and the policeman will be mad, like Alice said. He looked round him, paralyzed with fright, saw what looked like cars in all directions at once. He ran and fell, and banged his head hard on something metal.

When he opened his eyes, he thought he must be back at the old lady's because there was a jumping fire again, and the flames made him feel dizzy. But this one was a Christmas picture, with a row of stockings hanging two on each side and one lying on the rug. And there were several children in pyjamas and bathrobes, some of them braided up tight like Lorna so that you felt their foreheads might rip if you pulled hard. They danced up and down like the fire and said: "He's awake, Mum, he's awake. Can we get him something to eat?" as if he was a stray puppy or something.

A patiently smiling woman came out of another room. "Now, children, don't bother him."

"My husband is a police officer, dear," she said gently to Brian. "He picked you up when you fell on the car fender, and brought you here."

"I didn't know the lights changed," said Brian, trying not to let his lower lip get away from him.

"That's all right. Your mother and dad will come for you soon, I'm sure." "But they won't come," he said, all of

"But they won't come," he said, all of a sudden wanting to go home, to his own place. "They think I'm asleep." He wouldn't cry. He couldn't possibly cry.

The woman's eyes became alert, but not surprised. "Run off to bed, you others," she said, "or Santa Claus won't come at all."

"Do they believe in Santa Claus?" asked Brian,

"We believe in what has happy results," said the woman staunchly, "as a lot of people do who laugh at Santa."

"You wouldn't want to adopt another little boy, would you?" asked Brian. He liked her voice and the feel of her hand on his head, and the round shiny faces of her children.

"Now then, why would you want to be adopted?"

"Well, one of the girls in our class is adopted and she says that's how she knows her mother and dad really wanted her, because they picked her out; and the other way they get children sent to them, and can't return them."

"I see." She gleaned the whole story from him, and found the telephone number at last, but there was no answer.

"I'll bet they're out looking for you," she said, coming back. "But, as soon as my husband is off duty, he'll take you home." She gave him some hot milk, and kissed him, and he fell asleep again.

She wondered what his mother was thinking, as she tucked a rug about his shoulders.

WHAT JAY WEST was thinking, going along the street, holding fast to her husband's arm as she had not done since they were first married, was more in the nature of feeling than thought,

When she had gone for more coffee, something, some depth of silence behind the closed door of the child's room, had given her a funny feeling. She had been susceptible to funny feelings the last two weeks; nervous, and given to chills running down her back, and thinking of accidents when she went to bed. Two days ago she had realized how that had come about, and she was not pleased. It would mean giving up her job, perhaps her apartment, her whole way of living, for another kind of life for which she had little inclination.

She had opened Brian's bedroom door, and at once saw the tumbled bed, the pyjama jacket tossed on the floor. A really cold chill made her tremble all over. Her mouth went dry. "Jim," she called, in a croaky voice, "Jim!"

"Not even a note on the pillow," Jim said, trying to pretend it was just a game, that Brian would pop out from behind the door, from the cupboard. After all, it was Christmas Eve: anything could happen. Two gifts, wrapped clumsily in red paper, were on the table by the bed. From under the pillow stuck the corner of a scribbler. Jim fished it out.

"Maybe here's a clue," he said, trying to speak lightly because Jay looked so crushed. He felt old, careworn, all in a minute. Five and a half when he came home from overseas, Brian had never been quite real to him as a son; a small chattering, staring boy, underfoot in the cramped quarters, his toys lying here and there so that it was easy to trip over a wagon or stub one's toe on a small hard car. He riffled through the pencilled pages.

"What I want for Christmas." The words were spread roughly over two lines on the last page of all.

"1. a real green tree.
2. a baby Jesus.

3. a lot of kids.
4. an a dopter."

He read the list aloud, Jay gazing at him with grey bewildered eyes that were like a child's, like Brian's own. "Maybe it is a clue," she said slowly, her voice quite different from the quick sharply



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accented way she usually talked. "Maybe he went to look for them. We'll have to follow him. Like a treasure hunt." Her voice crumbled, and Jim put his arms round her, and it felt as if she herself had come home from somewhere.

There was a clatter and ripple of departing dinner guests, a chorus of: "My dear, how terrible! Fancy a little

Jay and Jim went down the winter street, looking, thinking. They came to the big red church.

"Perhaps he went in to look for the little Jesus," she said.

They saw the crib with the shepherds and the absurdly large lambs. The thin reedy voices of children practicing a carol round the organ sounded plaintive and sweet. The faces turned to them.

"It is Christmas Eve, isn't it?" whispered Jay. "Perhaps we should have gone to church."

They tiptoed out. They passed the street with the little house between the two firs, and came to the big one with the streetcar line. Against the wall of a store was propped a plain green fir tree as if it was waiting for someone.

"Oh, Jim," said Jay, "I wonder . . ."

THERE WAS a policeman on the corner, directing traffic. Jim went up to him. "You didn't see a little boy around here, by any chance?" he asked. His heart was like lead. It was a big city. This was only a small corner of it. And a child, once started, could easily walk on and on looking for what was in his mind.

"Lots of little boys," said the policeman scathingly, thinking how people's accidents always blotted out all the rest of the world. "There was a small boy in a navy overcoat and red ski cap," he went on. He saw the feeling rise up in their eyes. "Fell with a tree in the middle of the street, hit his head on a car fender."

"That must have been Brian . . ."

they cried together.

The policeman regarded them sternly. Christmas Eve was a children's time to him, and he thought parents should be at home then, fixing things.

He noted the swift whiteness of Jay's face. "He's all right," he added more kindly. "He's at my place right now, waiting for me to try to find his home."

It was not long then, though it seemed so, before they stood looking down at the sleeping child with the blue bump on his forehead. The policeman's wife felt indignant too, with the short-sighted assurance of the properly good.

"Wanted me to adopt him, the darling," she said, getting in her castigation, "said that way you knew if they wanted you: not as if you were sent and couldn't be returned."

Her eyes met Jay's squarely, but the latter's were far too pained and humble to show resentment. "Jim, get a taxi, quick," she said. "We've got to hurry home."

She felt dizzy and faint, waiting. She sipped a glass of water, and they thanked the policeman's wife profusely. They went out, with Brian in Jim's arms, still asleep. They were one family now, huddled in the back seat of the car with Jay's face pressed close to the sleeve of her husband's coat.

"Jim," she murmured, in a small voice: "We'll get that tree on the way back if it's still there. We'll have a party for him, all his class maybe. It doesn't matter about the landlord. We'll have to hunt for a house soon anyway. I'm going to quit my job. I'm going to stay home. We're going to have another child, Jim, and I want it, darling. I truly want it."

She sobbed on the words, her forehead pressed to rough cold cloth. She could feel a comfortable warmth and security coming out to her through it.

Brian's eyes were wide open, staring at her. "Are you going to adopt a baby?" he asked incredulously, out of his waking. "Where are we? Are we going out to the country?"

"We might, at that," said his father.

"We might, at that," said his father.
"We might go and see Granny. But
we'll begin by adopting you." The arms
held him close. That was a new sensation, definitely pleasant.

"I got everything on the list," murmured Brian, and promptly fell asleep

again. 🛊

## Pattern descriptions and details for ordering

1784—Misses' and Women's Bed Jacket. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42.

Size 16: 1% of 35 in.; 1% of 39 in.; 1% of 54 in. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1794—Misses' and Women's Apron. Small, Medium, Large. Medium: 1% of 35 in. or 39 in.; 1¾ of 41 in. Contrast: ½ of 35 in., 39 in. or 41 in. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1796—Misses' and Women's Blouse. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40,

Size 16:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  of 35 in.;  $2\frac{1}{8}$  of 39 in.;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  of 54 in. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1799—Misses' and Women's Housecoat. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Simple to make. Size 16; 4% of 39 in.; 3% of 54 in. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1801—Child's Blouse. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Size 4:  $1\frac{1}{4}$  of 35 in.;  $1\frac{1}{6}$  of 39 in.; 1 of 41 in. Lace edging:  $1\frac{3}{6}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1802—Girl's Hat and Bag. Small, Medium, Large. Medium: % of 35 in.; % of 54 in.; plaid or plain. Felt: 12 in. x 54 in. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

1808—Stuffed Toy Animals in one sine. Giraffe: 15 in. x 16 in. Hoof:  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. x  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. Lamb: 12 in. x 20 in. Ribbon: 22 in. of  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. Transfer for embroidery included. Price, 25 cents.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

# Chatelaine Beauty



Photograph by Arnott, Rogers & Sauer.

to other shamp leaves your hair

TONIGHT IN
HOLLYWOOD...
after a 10-hour crosscountry flight, glamorous
Jackie Michel looks her loveliest. "Even this hair-do of formal
curls is no trick to arrange," she
says, "for Drene Shampoo with Hair
Conditioning action always leaves my
hair so smooth, so soft, so manageable."

Breakfast in New York . . . dinner in Hollywood, dancing among the stars...your lovely, lustrous Drene-clean hair gleaming in all its glory! Let Magazine Cover Girl and Drene Girl, Jackie Michel, give you a prevue of the travel thrills in store for you in today's air-age...and the beauty thrills that can be yours when you use Drene Shampoo.

"I'm a Drene Girl," Jackie says, "because Drene leaves my hair radiant-alive and glowing with all its natural highlights!" Yes, Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action reveals up 33% more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. No other hampoo leaves hair more lustrous, yet so easy to manage. BEFORE
DINNER...

Jackie quickly freshens
up from her day-long trip,
combs out her Drene-lovely
hair. "Drene leaves my hair
looking clean and feeling clean,"
she says. And Drene removes unsightly
dandruff flakes the first time you use it.

THIS MORNING IN NEW YORK...
Jackie rolled her hair into a big bun for travel convenience. "I know I can depend on Drene," she says, "to bring out all the lively sparkle and natural brilliance of my hair." Drene is not a soap shampoo...never leaves dulling film on hair as all soaps do.



rene

Shampoo with Hair Conditioning Action

A Product of Procter & Gamble - Made in Canada

It's coming-out time! Skiing . . . skating . . . tobogganing are in the headlines. Before you join the parade, learn how to care for your skin . . . how to keep that radiant look when winter winds do blow and sun on snow is a special hazard.

Dry skin is easy to spot. It has a flaky look to it and gives off a dry shine-not the natural glow of normal skin. Even before lines appear, there will be a thin transparent look to a face with patches of rough scaliness. on the cheeks. This & one of the first danger signs.

The Three "Musts." Cleanliness . . . Iubrication . . . stimulation . . . are all linked together under the heading of skin care. Each one has its own special job. Cleanliness removes dead skin which is constantly flaking off the surface of your face, and it keeps pores from becoming clogged and enlarged. Lubrication prevents lines and wrinkles which will make you look older than you are. Stimulation induces a greater supply of blood to give a clearer and finer tone to your complexion.

Even an oily complexion or a combination one (part dry, part oily) needs skin care to keep it soft and pliable in winter. If you have that very common problem, a combination skin, you'll find your cheeks are dry and taut, but your nose and chin become oily. This is caused by the fact that the oil glands are more active in the middle area of the face. To lubricate this type of skin, massage in rich skin food, wipe off oily areas with skin tonic but leave a film on cheeks and

unless natural oils are constantly replaced synthetically.

forchead overnight. Really dry skin needs to absorb oils for hours at a time.

If you have a phobia about bedding down at night with a creamy face, you can do a hurry-up job of skin lubrication by covering your face and neck with cream before you have a hot bath. The steam from the water will open your pores and make them absorb oil more easily.

Body Rub. Speaking of hot baths -that luxurious finale to a day of outdoor exercise-you may find that after you've soaked tired muscles, dried and then powdered yourself, you feel like a human pincushion-with prickles up and down your spine and your skin itchy and irritated. The same extremes in temperature which are responsible for dry complexion may also cause dry skin all over your body. To counteract this, give yourself a daily rubdown with either baby oil or a good hand lotion. Massage it well, expecially between shoulder blades, on upper arms and thighs to keep your body sleek and smooth.

Half an Hour a day dedicated to skin care will give you all the protection you need so that you can relax and fill your lungs with cold, keen air; enjoy the white sweep of the countryside and make the most of your special Canadian heritage - the winter world outdoors. .

## **Dressing** Alike!

HE YOUNGEST wants a dress just like big sister's! And big sister likes best of all this style with very full skirt and basque bodice that buttons down the back. Nice with dickey and pert velvet bow. Pattern is for either short or long sleeves.



Chatelaine Pattern No. 1815B. Sizes 8-14, price 15 cents. Order from Chatelaine Pattern Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TERESA WRIGHT, STARRING IN THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTION. "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"



## her Hands are Little Loves

DELICIOUS-SOFT HANDS for you, too, with Teresa Wright's hand care-Jergens Lotion.

### Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1

MORE EFFECTIVE THAN EVER, NOW. Using wartime discoveries in skin-care, Jergens scientists now make your Jergens Lotion even finer.

Women say-"Makes hands even smoother, softer;" "Protects longer."

Naturally-this postwar Jergens Lotion brings you the 2 special ingredients many doctors use for effective skin-smoothing help. Chapping soothed instantly. Regular use fends off chapping. Still 10¢ to \$1.00. None of that oiliness; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

## JERGENS LOTIO

Now more Effective than ever-thanks to Wartime Research





Face pourder

to make you beautiful...

Imooth - adherent - flattering

A fragrant bloom of beauty by

HARRIET HUBBARD

# Winter Weathering

by ADELE WHITE

HERE'S the white sweep of newfallen snow, there's a new stimulation in the air and the blue skies above. The weather is ideal for winter sports which are as much a part of our holiday world as sun-bathing, swimming and boating in summer.

ming and boating in summer.

As you swoop down a ski run or a toboggan slide, or whirl around a rink on your skates, there will be a special glow to your cheeks, a sparkle in your eye. It's as health-giving as a carload of vitamins, IF (here comes the warning note) you give proper protection to your complexion, your eyes and your hands to offset the lash of wind, the glare of sun which is greatly increased by the whiteness of snow. Nature's lavish combination can be as damaging as an overdose of sun-bathing in hot weather. But, if you know the before and after care of your skin, you can go full out for winter sports, even in subzero weather, with nary a wrinkle, a peeled nose or roughened complexion to spoil your fun.

#### BEFORE:

Before you start off in the morning, set aside at least 10 minutes for face protection and for applying just the right make-up to flatter you in bright sunlight. Begin the day with a thorough cleansing of face and neck, using a cream rich in oils. Wipe the cream off with absorbent cotton soaked in skin tonic—this will make your complexion come alive; feel tingling and healthy.

Sun Filter. The next step is to dot on sun cream which will prevent burning by sun and wind. This type of cream filters out the burning rays of the sun and allows your skin to tan evenly and painlessly. Sun cream can be used instead of a foundation as it makes an excellent powder base.

In the Pink. Choose a shade of face powder with a pinkish tone. Then you'll have a feeling of confidence that, even in coldest weather, your cheeks won't grow pale and pinched and most of the color in your face be concentrated on the tip of your nose. Pinkish face powder gives an all-over rosy tint. If you want your face powder to cling for hours at a time, mold it into your skin. Use plenty of powder, but instead of fluffing it on, press it into the contours of your face and neck—then dust off with tissue.

That Shiny Finish. A new look
—popular with teen-agers—is the shiny
finish. If the idea appeals to you,
use suntan oil in place of sun cream
—and no face powder. You can smooth
on a smitch of cream rouge and, of
course, lipstick. As the brightest color
spot of your face will be your lips,
be sure to use mouth make-up with a

masterful touch. Choose a sharp red tone, neither too pale nor too purple, and paint it on with a brush so that your lips are well shaped and emphasized. A good idea for keeping your mouth in shape for a long period is first to give it a base of liquid lip coloring, then a coat of lipstick to prevent dryness and cracking.

Eye Care. You'll use eye make-up with the thought always in mind that strong sunlight points up and spotlights anything artificial. In other words, apply eye shadow with discretion, smoothing it in until it disappears, but leaves a moist dewy look to your lids. For brown eyes, choose a brown-toned shadow; for grey eyes, you have the choice of green or grey; blue eyes look best with a turquoise-blue shade.

To keep yourself from frowning and squinting your way into a maze of wrinkles, don't forget your sun glasses. Until a few years ago, dark glasses were strictly utilitarian-and a complete liability so far as appearance went. But Hollywood, with its myriad of movie stars peering through exotic sunspecs, has glamorized and popularized them until now they are a definite asset to top off your sporting togs. There is a wide choice to suit all types of faces-you can have anything from narrow plastic rims, slanted upward, harlequin style, to heavy, square-shaped, modernistic ones, and all in a variety of colors. These frames, however, are not the most important consideration when choosing glasses. If you want to save yourself from a possible headache at the end of the day, be sure to have the lenses properly ground to suit your eyes so your sight won't be distorted.

Hand Care. As you start out on the day's trek your hands will be snug and warm in attractive fur-lined r 'ttens. But—you'll find you and the semittens part company many times before you get home! You'll take them off to adjust a ski strap, to tighten a skate lace or to button or unbutton your jacket. A good hand cream used generously before you leave will prevent roughness and chapping. Also, tuck a purse-sized bottle of hand lotion in your pocket to use at intervals.

#### AND AFTER

The care you give your skin after a day of heading into wind, snow and cold is just as important as the before treatment.

The worst enemy of complexions during winter months is dryness; dryness caused by extremes in temperature—from the frostiness outdoors to the heat indoors. Few complexions can face up to this without eventually becoming leathery and weather-beaten

## **Table**

The rest of the house you may share with your family, but your dressing-table is as personal as your signature. Frilly or tailored according to taste, let it serve its purpose efficiently with a good supply of all things needful and in their proper place

Sketches by Ursula Rainnie.



girls, about halfway through the evening, begin to feel a little worn around the edges. And part of the fun of a party is the feminine gettogether while noses are powdered and hair tidied.

A few practical suggestions for making your guests happy at this time are: a cosmetic cape they can tie around their shoulders to protect dresses from powder flakes and lipstick smears; small paper towels spread out on the dressing table, so that, as each guest finishes her repair job, the towel can be discarded and replaced by a fresh one for the next sitting; a big box of face tissue, and a jar of make-up remover pads which clean faces for a fresh start.



To Each Her Own-Ever hear of the sad case of the missing lipstick? When a girl mislays her mouth make-up it can put a jinx on the whole eveningbecause men may sing about "Pale Hands I Love" but never about pale lips! To keep everybody happy in spite of this catastrophe, you can supply several tiny purse-sized lip-sticks for individual use—then, when the party is over, sterilize the used ones by holding them near a hot flame, wiping off the outside surface and remolding into a pointed end. Another smart idea is to fill two or three small glass ash trays with different shades of face powder, to suit both the fair and the olive-skinned lassies, and have a fancied-up box of absorbent cotton handy to act as powder puffs.



What's more gay than the perpetually youthful fragrance of Yardley English Lavender? Not even love and laughter—for the Yardley Lavender is the essence of happy moods—a fragrance to lift you to light-heartedness day or night. It is always lovely to wear—and to sense in the skin-gentle lather of Yardley English Lavender Soap.



Guest Night—So, you're having a party! Your bedroom will probably serve as the ladies' powder room with your dressing table the focal point of interest. You'll be a most popular hostess if you provide the wherewithal for quick fix-it jobs when the



## "Romance was flickering out ..."

Cinders, ashes and dust—that was the cold, gray feeling in my heart as I saw my married happiness dying out. I didn't know it was my fault, with my frequent neglect of feminine hygiene. But my doctor told me that mere once-in-awhile care had wrecked many a marriage. He said to get "Lysol" brand disinfectant and use it—always—in the douche.



## "I brought the flame to life"

Such warm, glowing happiness in our marriage, since I took my doctor's advice to heart. I never neglect feminine hygiene now . . . always use "Lysol" for douching. Salt, soda

and other homemade solutions can't compare with this proved germ killer! And "Lysol" is so thorough yet gentle. It really works—and it's both easy and economical to use!

#### Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 3: POWERFUL, EFFICIENT CLEANSER...
"Lysol's" great spreading power enables it to reach deeply into
folds and crevices, to search out germs.

NOTE: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



## For Feminine Hygiene use Lysol every time!

For free booklet on Feminine Hygiene, send postcard or letter to Dept. M. H., Lehn & Fink, 37 Hanna Ave., Toronto 3, Canada.

## Your Dressing

by ADELE WHITE



On Display—Only the most decorative items will have a place on top of your dressing table—a pair of lamps, with smart shades, casting just the right light for making-up purposes; crystal perfume bottles and a tall graceful atomizer filled with toilet water; perhaps some intriguing gadget such as a musical powder box (sketched below) which tinkles out a gay little tune each time you lift the lid; a silver or plastic hand mirror and a just-for-show brush and comb—the working ones being tucked out of sight,



Dressing table and appointments courtesy Eaton's College St., Toronto

Under Cover—It's wise to have plenty of drawer space for the practical toiletries you need night and morning. A stiff-bristled brush and a rat-tailed comb for your use only; face creams and skin lotions; rouge, eye make-up, foundation cream or lotions; a manicure kit with all the necessary tools under one top; catch-alls for hairpins, another for bobby pins and a third for safety pins. There is nothing more fuss-making when you're in a hurry than sorting out a jumbled confusion. Have all your beauty aids in apple-pie order, ready for instant use.





# Gifts for a beautiful; Christman

To a Lovely Lady . . .

It's the little things that make a woman beautiful—little things like flawless skin, well-groomed hands, a warm, subtle fragrance. You can't tie a ribbon round beauty and give it to her for Christmas, but you can give her means to attain it. You can give her appealingly feminine gifts to remember you by.

Bath Accessories. Satin-lined gift sets in pretty pastel shades or silver and white boxes with transparent acetate tops, filled with her favorite brands of bath salts, dusting powder, cologne and toilet soap, all in the same fragrance.

Make-up Sequence. Foundation, face powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up in a shade most becoming to her hair and skin tones—or twin sets of nail polish and lipstick.

**Skin Treatments.** A happy choice from one woman to another is a full line of creams and skin lotions of the right type to counteract a too-dry or too-oily skin. Consult a beautician to help you in your choice.

Perfumes. The most intimate for-you-alone gift—a tantalizing fragrance to suit the individual's personality. A graceful and ornamental flacon for her dressing table, then, for added joy, a small bottle of the same scent to tuck in her pocketbook. A new and delightful perfume will give her a tremendous lift for a new year.

To the Teen Ager . . .

There are few packages under the tree which will bring a keener sparkle to the eyes of the pigtail to glamour-bob brigade than charming little sets of toiletries, all gayed up in fancy trimmings. Skin lotions, cake make-up, face powder, lipstick and fluffy jars of cream, just suited to young complexions, are sure-fire choices.

Manicure Sets—containing all the tools for pretty hands in smart leather boxes.

Compacts—big splashy plastic ones which she will be proud to flourish on date nights.

Choose boxes carefully—because this is a great year for fancy packaging and after the contents have been used up, a smart girl will fill the satin-lined boxes with handkerchiefs, stockings or sewing equipment.

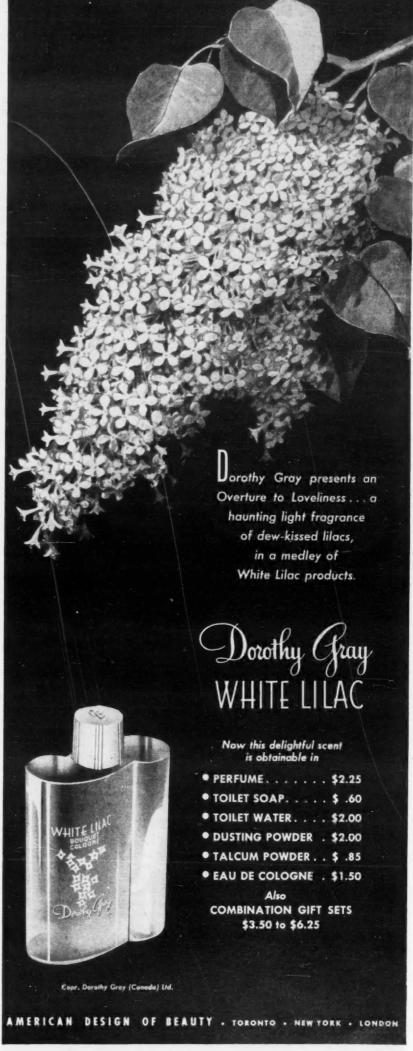
To the Traveller . .

For the lucky girl who's always off from here to there, a well-fitted travelling case will prove a joy forever—because she can replenish the bottles and jars from home supply. There are specially smart travelling kits this year in simulated leather, crocodile grain or lizard.

Something for the Boys . . .

Whether he's a young or an old boy, he'll be grateful—secretly or otherwise, for grooming essentials. Big man-sized cakes of soap and water softeners with a piney scent—strictly masculine. And to enhance a shelf in his bathroom, attractive jars of shaving soap and lotion; hair dressings, and manicure kits including cuticle softeners and nicotine stain remover—for the chain-smoker types. These and dozens of other grooming aids you'll see in lavish display the men's toiletries department.







## Beauty Brevities

\* \* \* \*

HERE'S a brand-new brush and comb combination on the market—one that will be a great boon for hair neatening when you're away from home. It's a two-in-one job with a rat-tailed comb on one side and a curl brush on the other. It's purse size—about six inches in length, and comes in pastel shades of green, blue, pink and amethyst.

Christmas holiday season is a great time for family reunions and very often entails long trips by train back to the home town. If you travel for several days with only makeshift facilities for bathing, try a cologne rubdown for freshness and fragrance. Saturate a washcloth in cologne and go over your body from head to toe. Ever so refreshing at the end of a restless day.

If you're the type who likes to lead the way in new fads and fashions, you can surprise your friends by appearing with fingernails lacquered in exotic colors — white, bright green, blue, bronze, and believe it or not, even black. It may not be the sort of thing you want to live with day after day —but for a little fun and variety it's worth a try.

If Santa Claus should bring you a delightful assortment of toilet soaps this year, you can make them do double duty. While they are stored away waiting their turn for bathroom use, unwrap them and tuck among sheets and pillowcases in your linen cupboard. It will scent your bed linen and the soap will keep better in good dry storage of this kind.

Here's a rule to know about foundation make-up. The darker the shade, the less conspicuous the area. The same rule applies to black dresses versus light ones—a woman always looks slimmer in darker colors. To apply this foundation make-up rule to your advantage, use a light foundation on your face and then if you want to minimize a too-square jaw or obliterate a suggestion of a double chin, cover it with a darker shade. But be sure to blend the two shades perfectly, so there won't be a definite line to show where you made the change.

To realize the full wizardry of color—just what the right colors can do for you—test different shades close up to your face before using makeup. In this way you'll get a clear picture of which colors fade out or detract from your natural good looks while others seem to make your eyes deepen and light up, and enhance your skin and hair.

Here's a special message for Miss Five-by-Five. If you yearn to wear one of those fascinating wide belts which are so popular and eye catching this year, you must be sure there is no suggestion of a spare tire around your middle-because a belt three or inches wide will emphasize it alarmingly. But . . . everything comes to the gal who works for it-even a figure slim as an icicle. To whittle down your waistline, try this simple exercise. Choose a book of medium weight. Sit on a stool or a hard chair with feet apart and tummy pulled in t-i-g-h-t. Now take a deep breath and, with back held ramrod stiff, lean over to the right and place the book as far as you can reach. Straighten; lean over again and pick it up. Repeat this on the left side. This book-placing exercise will help slim you down and give you a spare-ribbed look if you repeat it faithfully for five minutes a day.

When you're on a reducing campaign—during the transition period between tubbiness and slenderness—beware of wedge shoes with platform soles or ballet shoes without heels. No, no! Not for you if you're short and plumpish. You need a definite heel to give the illusion of height and shapely legs. Leave those flat heels for the future, when you've joined the willowy group.

There are excellent hair tonics on the market for correcting an oily hair condition. But to have good results the tonic must be used regularly and correctly. The best way is to saturate a piece of absorbent cotton in the liquid, then work the tonic right into your scalp-no good just dripping it over your hair. The oil-regulating properties will only get in their good work if they penetrate the hair follicle itself. When you've covered every inch of your scalp, take up your hairbrush and go to work. Always brush your hair upward. Start from the temples, then the front and then throw your head forward and brush from the back upward. To use your brush efficiently, lay it sideways against your scalp, then turn it round and actually lift the hair from your head.

Be a miser about the use of your special lubricating skin creams. The best skin creams come high because of the fine oils used in preparing them. Therefore they should be treated as precious commodities. Don't waste a smitch of them. When you've massaged face and neck, use what is left on your hands to rub into your elbows—then use what's left of that on your hands themselves. Work from your finger tips to your wrists just as though you were pulling on tight gloves. Just by using up what otherwise would be rubbed off on face tissue, you can have soft, pretty elbows and smooth hands.



the most treasured name in Perfume ...

LES PARFUMS

## CHANEL PARIS



## The Loneliest Night

Continued from page 20

very fleetingly. Clem met his glance. That was all the outward sign her father gave of their inward, unending conflict.

He made a joking fuss about having the first piece of candy, to please Mrs. Brent. He found Cely a cherry, because Cely liked chocolate-covered cherries, and popped it into Cely's round mouth. Cely touched his cheek. It was all ideally domestic and happy, on the

Cely left, with the cherry almost choking her.

'I ought to kiss you now," Clem said, running to catch up with her. It was colder, even, than before. "You'd taste

'Why don't you?" Cely said. Only it didn't come out that distinctly with her mouth partly full.

You don't want me to kiss you."

Cely said nothing. He said soberly, "Do you?" She still said nothing.

Clem put his hands in his pockets, out of harm's way. Clem was like a small boy resisting temptation. Because he knew what he wanted to do with his hands and he knew that he could not do what he wanted to do. They trudged along mutely. "Clem?"

"Yes?"

They halted for a traffic light. "Say something!"

"What shall I say?"

THEY CROSSED the street; they slowed their steps somewhat. She did not say, I have grown up with that. All the years of my childhood have been full of my mother and my father's conflict. She did not say, why?

She did not say, openly, why is it that marriage is so often like that?

"Shall I say," he began in a hard voice, "that love is not ecstasy? People try to forget that. People tend to forget that. Shall I say that ecstasy can be had by almost any man or woman together on Saturday night. It isn't rare; it is the air. Love is the wind. Love is more than ecstasy."

She said, "But suppose—suppose—"

She said, "But suppose "Love is understanding. It is a "Love father" matter of intelligence. matter of intelligence. Some simply has . . ." Clem hesitated.

"More intelligence," Cely said.

Clem drew a breath. "I'll try to

say it another way. Look at it this way, Cely. Your mother operates on instinct. She's practical. A box of candy is unnecessary, especially when she needs a roasting pan. Her instinct doesn't know that your father gives her the presents, in desperation, because he feels guilty."

She was startled. "Guilty?"

Clem nodded. "Guilty," Clem said seriously, slowly, explaining it as he went along to himself also, because he wants her to come to the place where he lives, and the place where he lives is his mind. She's never been there. He knows that. And still he keeps hoping, especially every Saturday night, that she will get there. It's cruel of him and he understands her so completely that he realizes it's cruel. But his reason keeps hoping."

"And her instinct keeps was ing his clothes and ironing his shirts and feed-ing him lemon pies," Cely said, "when all the while what he craves is to

explain why he loathes working on imitation Cape Cod houses and loves repairing really old ones," Cely ended breathlessly.

"Look, Cely." They were close now. "It isn't Pro-They were in step. metheus bound and it isn't Prometheus unbound. It isn't man enslaved or man freed any more. When people lived in caves it was the ones who could run fastest from their enemies who survived. And when the machine wasn't dreamed of it was the strongest, beefiest people who survived. now since the machine is here to run fastest and push strongest for everybody, all kinds of people survive. It's Prometheus severed nowadays. Man as a whole is divided into parts. We have the dull ones and the bright ones, the strong, the weak, the swift, the slow, and while there is a certain equality of opportunity there isn't an equality of understanding. People simply have to be patient, the strong toward the weak, the reasoning with the instinctive. People have to keep trying. That's what your father is doing." Clem haited. "Until tonight," Clem Massey said, "I thought you were scared that you were instinctive like your mother."

Being deliberate, he lit a cigarette for her and then one for himself. The brief glow of the matches showed his deeply shadowed eyes clearly.

"No," Cely said quietly, "it is my father. I am like daddy." She turned away, and began walking very fast again. She said, flinging it over her shoulder, saying it aloud at last, "And I am like vou.

He said flatly, not believing, "Cely?" It was a big thing. It was a stag-

"We are alike, we are," Cely protested. "Clem, we are!"
"Are you sure?"
"I am sure." She flung away her cigarette. "Yes; because you fell asleep tonight, too," her voice caught in a small giggle, "and because you have been gentle with me all evening and I knew you were being gentle." She met his eyes fleetingly, "Clem, we are equal and understanding, and all the things people should be, and-"

They had arrived at the drugstore. A warmth, smelling of chocolate and gumdrops and somehow also of camphor and Lily Myth perfume, greeted them. They stood blinking in the sudden noise.

A juke box was playing. Many people were talking at once. Cely spied her sister, Margaret, and Margaret's gang over in a corner, sipping varicolored sodas.

Absently, Cely waved, and followed Clem to an empty booth. She slid into the seat facing him. A waitress came for their order. Clem tried to catch Cely's eye. He coufinally settled for them both. He couldn't and

"And what?" Clem said gently, then. She was beyond words. She did not know any words. Reaching inside her coat pocket, Cely brought out her fist closed over a tiny object. She opened her fist upward on the slightly sticky table top, disclosing the object. It was a ring, set round with bits of diamonds.

"Do you want to?" Cely said.

"I did it once," Clem said. He was stubborn and humble and hopeful. He wasn't looking at her.

Cely slipped the ring on her finger. At that instant Margaret descended upon her. Margaret was like an affectionate Newfoundland dog. She came, legs and arms all mixed together.

"Hi," Cely said. "How are you doing, darling?"

Margaret looked at Clem, who had This mark of mature esteem almost floored Margaret completely. "Oh, hello," Margaret said to Clem. She tried to make it coy. But it was no use at all. Coyness was not in Margaret. She blushed furiously, a vivid pink, and turned her attention to Cely.

"Cely, Cely," Margaret said, "I'm having the most awful time. Teddy Browning can wiggle his ears and he's going to teach me how. He says I have just the ears for it and can you imagine a girl, Cely, can you just imagine—" Margaret was near tears. Margaret was near tears. Margaret came to a head-on stop. She saw the ring. Her eyes popped. Margaret gasped, "Cely, you're engaged!"

"Yes," Cely admitted calmly. Margaret squeaked, "Engaged."

"This noon at lunchtime," Cely said, looking fleetingly at Clem. "We decided not to wait until he had a fel-lowship. We're going to be married right away-no matter what mother says. Mother couldn't guess," Cely said giddily, "how happy I'm going to be.'

Clem said, "We're going home now, to tell them, Margaret.'

Margaret said, awed, "Gee, am I going to be the centre of attention. Gee, am I going to have something to shout about. Kids!" Margaret shouted happily. "Kids, come and look. My sister's just got engaged!"

Bedlam broke over their heads. Clcm and Cely sat there smiling, Clem his humble smile, Cely her secret tucked-in smile, and they weren't hearing people's congratulations. They weren't seeing people. They were seeing stars.

"They smell like primroses," Cely said. "Are you seeing stars, too?"

Cely whispered, "Too."

So it was true. They were alike. They laughed, and this was the way Saturday night was for them. This was the way all their Saturday nights were going to be for them. would be lonesome together, which is not being lonesome at all. .

### **Dollars Against TB**



Good health is not an accident. It is something that must be earned. Every year at Christmastime Canadians are given an opportunity to take out insurance against tuberculosis, the disease which takes an annual toll of more than 5,000 lives. This opportunity comes to them in the form of Christmas Seals, the little health stickers offered for sale by the tuberculosis associations. Money raised from the sale of these seals is spent to prevent tuberculosis. You can do your part this Christmas to safeguard tuberculosis. your health and that of your community by buying Christmas Seals.

handed with a crisp, juicy, roast steer. blond hair from her sweater, and What a day!"

"You've been skiing already?" Connie asked.

"Jake and I got up here Thursday night. I'm told tomorrow's Saturday, but don't believe everything you hear.

A strange pain cut sharply through

Connie. Jake was watching her curiously. "Oh, yes," she said.
"The snow's good—36-inch base and six powder," Tom said, a little over his shoulder because he and Jake were speeding arm and arm into the dining room. She sat across from them mainly because she didn't know where else to sit. Everybody was talking animatedly to everybody else. About seven spoonfuls through the steaming soup Raffie arrived. He stood stiffly, acknowledging the informal introductions with a bow. When he heard Tom's name the impassive expression of his narrow face didn't change, but he bowed a little deeper.

"What's been keeping you?" Connie asked.

"I was unpacking and shaving." He leaned near her and whispered, "So that is the reason you didn't mind coming I am disappointed you would bend to such deception."

"Don't be silly, I'm more surprised than you," she whispered back.

Tom stopped talking to Jake and stared at Raffie. His eyebrows looked crooked, and Connie remembered they always did when he was upset.

"Skied much?" he asked Raffie.

"Skiing I have done all over the world. I first learned in Switzerland. There, of course, is the best instruction in the world."

"That's the parallel technique they teach in Europe, isn't it?" Jake asked. "How does it stack up against the

"It is superior to the Arlberg."
"Not for my money," Tom contra-dicted. "It's not safe. You can't teach beginners to handle themselves on hills with the parallel method."

"We have fewer accidents at European resorts than in your country. Never have I seen so many broken arms and legs and skulls as you get here. It comes from novices thinking they are champions, it is my opinion."

"We ski down real trails. You foreigners think a molehill's a mountain."

Raffie assumed a haughty gesture with his napkin, but it didn't hinder Tom. "We make skiing a real sport and not just an opportunity to get together and see who's got the brightest sweater." The roast steer arrived. Tom picked up his fork, glanced briefly at the meat, then pointed the fork at Connie. "I'd like to see what would have happened to your delicate bones if you'd learned the parallel technique first."

"Why, Tom?"

He looked at her across the table, and in his eyes was the memory of all her childish, helpless actions. She pulled a

turned away.

"Connie is an exception," Raffie said. "I insist, please, however, that speed should not be made such a god in

"Fast is the only way you can go in skiing," Jake said.

Raffie neatly buttered the corner of a hot biscuit, and put it in his mouth. He wiped a crumb from his neat dark mustache.

"You get on a tow going straight up the side of a mountain. When you get to the top there is no place for sitting down and having some coffee and looking at the view. You take a deep breath, and ski down the mountain as fast as if life depended on it, and then, at the bottom, you proceed to go to the top

"What's your idea of a good substitu-

tion?" Tom asked.
"What I have planned for Connie tomorrow."

"Bringing a sofa and pillows to the mountain so you can really enjoy the view?"

Raffie shrugged his shoulders. He turned to Connie.

"I have planned that we go on a crosscountry trip to Howling Mountain. This is the kind of thing we do in Europe. It will be a new experience for you, and I have decided you will enjoy it more than the towing."

"It'll be pretty tough going. Do you like tough going, Connie?" Tom asked.
"I will look after her," Raffie said.

Tom ate one baked potato, and he left a thick slice of roast beef on his plate, which Jake speared and consumed without his seeming to mind. After supper he and Jake and some other people played gin rummy, and Connie heard Jake reproaching him for calling Gin when he had 11 counts.

Connie didn't sleep well that night, despite the deep still night and the snow peaceful on the ground and high on the ledge outside her window. house creaked in the cold; a full moon made purple shadows of the pines on the snow: the air on her cheek was cold, but Connie turned over on her stomach in the dark and with her head in the circle of her own arms made retakes of her life.

THE NEXT morning everyone was gathered around a huge brass coffee urn, drinking black coffee before breakfast. The sun sparkled on the snow outside the windows. The sky was blue of a color unmatchable by anything on earth. Raffie brought a cup of coffee to Connie.

"It is a perfect day. We have luck together, don't we? We would always have luck together." His hand lingered on hers. She reached for a skiing magazine on the floor, and Raffie stooped nimbly and handed it to her.

"Still improving the local scene?" Tom said to Raffie. His hair fell care-







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## A Christmas "Must"



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## Once a Princess

Continued from page 11

woman I adore. I hate the modern he-woman. She makes me feel like a brother. You are soft and agreeable."

STANDING ON the suitcase, Connie smiled at Raffie as warmly as possible, since her face was half-frozen. mustache looks glittery from your breath freezing in it," she said. "And there's a church near because I hear bells."

The bells drove out of the woods on a sleigh that stopped before them, snow spraying from the hooves of two chestnut horses. A man leaned from the sleigh. He looked like an athletic Santa Claus.

"How do, folks. I'm Luck Williams from the Lodge. Sorry you been kept waiting, but I got delayed chopping some kindling. Hop right up."

Raffie helped Connie into the sleigh, pushing aside several six-foot logs. The sleigh's runners slid easily over the light soft snow on the narrow road that wound across the frosted rolling country. Pine woods edged the road, sloping and thinning into white fields divided by fences almost invisible under three feet of snow. Occasionally they passed a farmhouse with a stalk of smoke leaning above it in the quiet air. The mountains

probed the late afternoon sky, and shadows lay on their eastern slopes.

It was almost dark when they got to the Lodge. It was directly on the unfrequented road. The windows were lighted in the clear sharp evening. Skis stood in upright lines along the wide wooden porch, to an amateur appearing hopelessly identical, but distinctive to the owner by a buckle or a spring

on the harness. Raffie helped Connie from the sleigh and as she loosened the snow from her shoes the door was flung outward.

"Hello. Connie Smith? I'm Mrs. Williams." A figure was outlined roundly against the light. "Come in out of the cold. Nice to have you here. Ever skied Chilchester before?'

"I'm afraid not. We-I always went to North Conway," Connie said. Somehow she wanted to tell Mrs. Williams that Tom and she had met at North Conway, and later in the skiing season, almost in the spring, had spent their bright two-week honeymoon there. Mrs. Williams would be interested in hearing how expertly Tom skied, and yet how patient he'd been with Connie, spending hours with her on the practice slopes, slowly following behind her on the trails, and digging her out of the There wasn't anyone she could talk about Tom to, and the thought of him was with her everywhere.

'Didn't like Conway?" Mrs. Williams asked.

"Yes, I loved it. It was wonderful, but somebody I used to know goes

"Funny thing, but people are always

meeting each other up skiing," Mrs. Williams said. "Happens all the time."

Raffie stood beside them. "You had better have a little rest before dinner Connie. You have had a long trip.

Connie unpacked in the big oldfashioned room she shared with other girls. She changed into a highnecked black sweater and a widely pleated skirt. Flat gold kid ballet slippers made her even tinier.

She went into the carpeted hall and stood listening above the stairs. Music, laughter and talk funnelled up to her in the curiously hysterical and unnatural combination they make for the listener. She turned and looked down the hall, but it was empty. She sighed, and her need for Tom crept through her body. She put her hand firmly on the railing and went downstairs.

The first floor had been remodelled into one immense room and a smaller dining room leading off it. Open fires at each end flared into blackened stone chimneys. Circling the fire were couches and soft chairs, occupied by men and girls still in ski pants and sweaters with their feet in knitted slippers stretched toward the flames. Their faces were sunburned, their bodies tired and relaxed by warmth after snow and wind, and the noise they were making sounded spontaneous and natural.

A tall boy before the abundant fire farther from Connie was doing an indoor

The Things of Beauty

By HAROLD APPLEBAUM

The things of beauty are too few,

Too hungry are the groping hands,

How sadly do I watch the ruthless

Oh, who will fasten the autumn

Tear down and fling them far-

Too quickly do they slip away.

Too careless and too gay.

Replace the fallen star?

leaves,

geandesprung for a girl sitting crosslegged before him.

Flinging his right arm forward, his left arm back, he crouched, then jumped sideways. His profile against the blazing light was strong, and his hair fell over his forehead. There was something like snowslide inside Connie. She put her hand over her heart to keep it from being swept away, and then she

walked carefully across the room.

"YOU DIDN'T go to North Conway," she said. Tom wheeled around abruptly and stood facing her. His eyes for a moment were unguarded. She wanted to cross the foot of space between them, and feel his arms around her again saying more sincerely than words that she belonged there, but she couldn't. She lifted her head and flung it back defiantly in a gesture she had learned well lately, and she smiled to match it. The muscle moved along Tom's jaw.

"It's never good to retrace your steps to find something you're not sure you want," he said. "Oh, how is the want," he said. princess?"

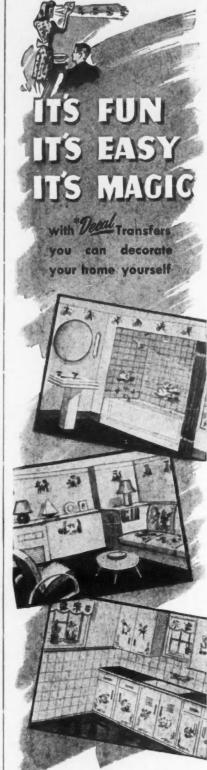
Her voice managed to be equally casual. "Having a princely time. Are you lording it around per usual?"

"May I interrupt and add an intelligible word?" The girl to whom Tom had been demonstrating the fine points of indoor skiing got up from the floor

and linked her arm through Tom's.
"Connie, this is Jake, who is," Tom

"Who is your last name?"

A gong rang. "Chow," Tom said. "I wish I were going to be left single-



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is on the back of every genuine DECAL Transfer CANADA DECALCOMÁNIA CO., LIMITED-TORONTO are the best food when climbing, but it did not occur to me to consult you about lunch."

While Raffie steadily filled himself with bunches of raw carrots, Connie threw snowballs at trees. It was darker in the woods, and colder.
"I think maybe it's going to snow,"

she said.

"Absolutely impossible. The sun is out."

"Not any more." She pointed upward. There was no sun.

Raffie got up quickly. "We'd better continue our trip." They moved upward as fast as pos-

sible, but tangles of fallen branches and dead wood forced them to make long detours. Looking ahead, they would see a clearing, and think they had reached the top, but when they climbed higher, the clearing was a bare shelf, with the mountain rising from it more steeply. The air was unnaturally still. It was difficult to breathe. Then snow began to fall, a few flakes drifting lazily, but in a few minutes faster, thicker, until Connie could hardly see Raffie ahead. Once she almost bumped into him. He was bending over his ski poles.
"I ara very fatigued," he said.

"We've got to get to the top and then maybe we can tell where we are."

"Why farther up?"

"We can't ski down from here, we don't know where we are, we've made so many detours. I don't think we're even on Howling Mountain any more."
"But of course I am," Raffie said. He

paused. His face was grey, and his mouth trembled. "But we will try to reach the top."



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The snow covered Connie's shoulders so quickly she wasn't able to brush it off. It stung her eyes and sifted down her neck and into her boots. Every step with the heavy ski harnessed to her foot was an effort, and her back ached with the strain. Her white leather gauntlets were soaked through, and her fingers were frozen numb around her ski poles. One side of her face was stiff with cold. Rocks and boulders were slippery under the snow, treacherous and unseen in the evaporating light. Low branches whipped across her face. Several times she fell. The forehead of the mountain reared straight up, ominous, prehistoric,

unyielding.

When Connie thought she couldn't go forward another heavy step and that her last effort had been made, the mountain ended. There was no other hill to climb. It was the most wonderful knowledge in the world. She stood up straight. Beneath and around and above them the snow swirled. Nothing of the world was visible except the snow, white-grey against the dark grey of the

What are we going to do?" Raffie said. His voice was pitched too high. 'It is impossible to see anything. are lost. We are going to die on this mountain."

Connie had been spoiled for many years, and, as Raffie had said, she had been considered soft. But when she spoke, a strip of hard metal lay beneath her words. "But you've been skiing all over Europe, Raffie. You've got a wonderful sense of direction."
"I can see nothing," he cried. "I am

going to freeze to my death on this wretched mountain, I, Raphael Cloude. I am cold."

Connie pulled off a frozen icy mitten. She put her hand in her ski pants pocket. "May I have a match, please?" she asked.

"A match? Surely you are not expecting me to light a cigarette for

"May I have the matches, Raffie?" He handed a packet to her, and she held the flame to the compass she had decided to bring along as the first step in reconversion to independence. "We're going to start from the top of this mountain two points east of north-northeast," she said firmly, even though her hand was shaking so the compass jiggled like a jumping bean. "I figure we'll come out on the Lodge road."

Raffie started to speak, but the fact that his mouth was open prevented him. He closed it finally, because he didn't have any part in the new play anyway, and they started down the mountain two points east of north-northeast. They half-skied, half-tumbled, the snowshoes off their skis. They missed some of the biggest trees with the aid of the flashlight Connie had on a string around her neck. When the woods thinned, Connie sped across the open, white, rounded hills, and the wind rushed past her crouched body. The passage through the snow-furled night, without sight or delay, had a quality of unearthliness. She felt light and bound to the earth only through her swift, receptive skis pressing narrow furrows in the snow, and she fled into the spaceless night.

They reached the road, Raffie ahead her. The lights of the Lodge were a bright blur piercing the snow. Connie saw Raffie reach the wide porch. He bent and unclamped his harness without looking back to the road where she had



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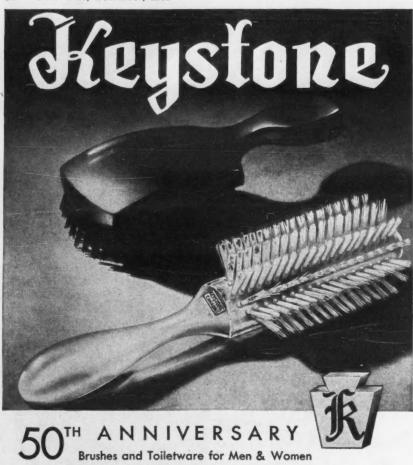
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lessly over his forehead. His shoulders seemed quite square. Connie stared at him to see if he had circles under his

eyes, but she couldn't tell.
"I don't believe I understand," Raffie

said.

"Still go-ing hi-king?"

"We are making the trip to Howling Mountain, as I have planned.'

"Taking a mileage meter and

compass?"
"There is no need for such things. I have a wonderful sense of direction.

Tom put his hands in his pockets. His eyebrows were as crooked as a "W." "I don't know what skiing's like in Salzburg, because when we were in Germany we were too busy to find out, but I've got a general idea of it around here. These mountains are sort of rugged. There aren't any cute chalets to duck into when it gets windy.

"You are frightfully kind." Raffie set his coffee cup sharply on a maple table. "I'll get you some breakfast before we start, Connie, my dear.'

"I can get it all right," Connie answered. She helped herself from the chafing dishes on the buffet while Tom watched with amazement. He looked as though he were going to whistle.

Raffie waited on the porch for Connie. His ski boots were like a derrick rig. they were so harnessed with buckles, Desperate green straps and laces. reindeer endlessly chased each other through purple thickets on his sweater. Connie looked at the other end of the porch. Tom was putting a new loop on the webbing of his ski pole, while Jake held steady the web. He was using his old Air Force windbreaker for a jacket, and the blue scarf around his neck, surely it was the scarf she hadn't knit quite to Red Cross standards. Jake was standing close to Tom, and the sight strangely annoyed Connie. After all, he was still a man in wedlock. Jake looked much too good in ski pants, but she wasn't the type a stranger would whistle at in trains. It was obvious she would only be a sort of companion to a man, an outdoor companion. But why was Tom grinning at her in that special serious-eyed way Connie had priorities on, and why was his hand on her shoulder?

"Are you ready, Connie?" Raffie asked again.

"Ummm." She pulled her belt tighter around her waist. Two lines travelled across her usually untroubled forehead. "That's it," she said under her breath, and then the lines disappeared.

"What?"

"I forgot something, Raffie. I'll be right back."

"What is it? I'll get it."

"Oh, no, absolutely no."

They started off with the sky blazing blue except for a white cloud, no bigger than a ski cap, perched on the top of Howling Mountain. Raffie went first, and Connie followed in his webbed tracks. The snowshoelike attachments fitted to their skis helped them lightly over the deep powder snow. For a while the country was gently hilled, and then it tilted up like the mound of an ice cream cone.

"Your ex-husband has some silly ideas. I do not blame you for leaving him," Raffie tossed over his shoulder. "It is fantastic to take instruments when the mountains are visible so clearly."

"It's easy to see them now because we're in the valley. How are we going to know which is which when we're

going up one?"
"I am not an imbecile," Raffie replied irritably.

"That girl is much too thin. He's not an ex either," Connie said musingly.

"I consider him over with. You have been hesitating to marry me because you are so sweet and soft you cannot bear to hurt anyone, but when you are my wife I will make all the decisions.

Connie dug a ski pole so fiercely into the snow that Raffie had to help her dislodge it. His expression was smug. You shall be treated like a little pet and not like a-like a partner.'

Connie didn't reply. She didn't have the breath. They were going upascending quite vertically now. open blinding fields were gone, and the sun fingered through the heavy pines overhead to touch only occasional patches of snow with light. It was silent except for the pad of their skis and the soft sound of snow dropping from the boughs.

Partners vs. Pets was playing a onesided game in her mind, with Pets scoring nothing, and she didn't hear Raffie until he stopped and shouted down to her. "It is time for lunch, I

"Is it? I'm not hungry yet."
"It is time. We eat," he said. Sweeping snow off a fallen log, he waited courteously until she sat down, and then produced a package from the pouch strapped to his belt.

Connie made a face. "Carrots? Just carrots? How terrible, Raffie. Carrots

give me a rash.

"Oh, my dear, but I am sorry. They



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and Orchestra. Victor Brault and his "La Cantoria" are heard in the Champagne suite; Agnes Butcher, who gave the piano concerto its first performance, is soloist in this recording; and the CBC orchestra is conducted by Jean Marie Beaudet. Performance and recording are unusually good—in the case of the piano concerto I heard more from these records than I did at a concert hall performance of the work.

The original CBC edition, I am told, is almost if not entirely sold out, though it still may be worth while to ask at your dealer's. If you are disappointed there, the CBC people tell me that if enough requests reach them or RCA Victor, the album will be reissued. A second album of Canadian music is in preparation, and perhaps more information about it will be available next month. .

## A Family-First Future

Continued from page 32

operations that he could never imagine otherwise.

Three important things you must know about the Quebec teen agers. First, they are all Canadian. They

have, no more than any of you, any special affiliation with France. (The rance ouldn't compare, for instance, with the men of our own Canadian destroyers for whom the lovely old city on the St. Lawrence is also port of call!)

Then, they love Quebec with a fierce and abiding love. The Citadel, the Chateau Frontenac with its resounding board walk, and Historic Place D'Armes where military exercises were once held, and the sweeping view of the lower town and the river beyond. The gay lines of bright-blanketed calèches (in which they never ride) waiting for tourists, the ferries twinkling back and forth to Levis and the Isle of Orleans at night, and the big ships coming in by day; the purple Laurentians in the distance, the farmers from the countryside with their produce and their handicrafts, the narrow winding streets with the old, old buildings-these and many more things have become a deep-rooted part of them.

Finally, if you had been with the Council in Quebec-you would know that underneath small outer differences, they are like teen agers everywhere in Canada. Full of high spirits, adored and half-heartedly admonished by their parents; up in the clouds one day and down in the depths the next, planning parties, sports, careers, marriages, chil-And concerned-with equal intensity - about the international goings-on at Lake Success, and the potentialities of next Saturday night's date. 4

## A Stitch in Time

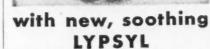
Modern tuberculosis workers have a new version of the old adversion of the old ddage. They say, "Early
Discovery Means Early
Recovery." Last year
in Canada nearly a
million people were
were of TB ware discovered at the

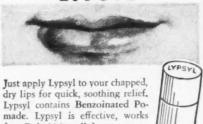
X-rayed for tuberculosis and large numbers of early cases of TB were discovered at the stage when cure is most certain. Much of this survey program was financed by Christmas Seal money. Your purchase of Christmas Seals will make it possible to extend this program and to intensify the preventive services provided by the tuberculosis association in your own community.











fast. Only 25¢ at all drug counters.

## **Head Colds**



Menthoratum quickly re-lieves head colds; checks s niffling; soothes irrisoothes irri-tated mem-





stopped, unable to move by her own volition. The door of the Lodge opened and she closed her eyes because she was too tired to keep them open.

THE SUN was shining through her lashes, and she lay quietly, liking the warmth. A rough and yet tender hand was on her forehead. She opened her eyes, and then she closed them quickly, because she'd seen what she wanted, and she didn't want him to go away.

"Why aren't you skiing?" she said "It's a good day. It must bravely.

have snowed six inches last night."
"Eight," he said. She took a quick look at him, and his eyebrows were crooked. "I was out looking for you

until two o'clock this morning."
"I found myself." She grinned, like a companion. "Right."

"Did Jake help you look for me?"

"Wrong. She got tired of skiing or something and took a train back to town. That guy who got you lost went with her." Tom was bending above her in the way she had remembered all the months she had been without him, and so she closed her eyes for quite a satisfactory length of time.

"I've been thinking I don't like Pets," she said. "I feel sorry for them."

"Right," he said sleepily. "Do you like biscuits?"

"Lots."

"I know how to make them. learned," she whispered, and pushed back the tongue of hair from his forehead.

'That's good. I like biscuits."

"Well, that's not the point about these particular biscuits. The nice thing about them," she said, "is that you can smell them burning in a kitchen that's separated and across the hall from the other rooms. In fact, I imagine you could even smell these biscuits burning in a kitchen that's a block away!" +

## Good Listening

Continued from page 60

was a gentleman of vast resource and unlimited invention, that what he does in the course of these variations is almost orchestral in its variety and complexity, and that you may find, in the rich and plangent tone of Landowska's harpsichord, a completely new experience in music. Even if it ruined an irreplaceable nylon, any lover of the best music would be glad to find this album in her Christmas stocking.

### The Franck Symphony

There are now three performances of the French master's symphony in the Canadian catalogues. Victor has one, by Monteux and the San Francisco Orchestra, having only last year dropped the old and somewhat inflated reading by Stokowski and the Philadelphia. Columbia's example has been, until now, a 1941 recording by Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis, made during a period when this company was experimenting with orchestral recording and (apparently) trying out on the public almost anything its microphones happened to pick up. It now offers the work as played by the Philadelphia under Ormandy, and in this set has ac-complished one of its best Philadelphia recordings to date. There are a few

## **EAGLE-LION HEADLINERS**



**EXCEPTIONAL ENTERTAINMENT** 

**VALERIE HOBSON: Graduated** from Hollywood to Earn London Film Laurels as a Lady M.P.



Furore of the month in Hollywood centres around the arrival there of a series of Eagle-Lion headliners for shortterm starring engagements after winning world-wide prominence in London-made film hits. But longer-range thinkers are also looking back at the reverse traffic of the past. Some of the more imposing cinematic celebrities, now reaching heights in Britain, are Hollywood graduates.



There is Laurence Olivier. There is Margaret Lockwood. And now slated for increasing attention, there is that classic beauty, Valerie Hobson.

> \* \*

Valerie Hobson took the Hollywood starlet course and now emerges in London with strictly post-graduate with strictly post-graduate Before GREAT EXPECTA-London honours. TIONS, she'll be seen in Canada with Michael Redgrave and Flora Robson in THE YEARS BETWEEN.

This is Daphne du Maurier's searching story of a post-war triangle, played in a modern type of Enoch Arden atmosphere, complicated by a wife who had herself elected to Parliament without her husband's knowledge.

Sydney Box, who created THE SEVENTH VEIL, produced THE YEARS BE-TWEEN.

\*

REPORT FROM LONDON: Margaret Lockwood is duplicating her WICKED LADY success in BEDELIA.

\*

REPORT FROM DUBLIN: The top Dublin hit is a British-made film, a thriller with Deborah Kerr, I SEE A DARK STRANGER. Eire says it is authentically Irish.

Eagle-Lion Pictures at your Favourite Theatre

passages where a certain amount of wowing and chattering is evident, but in general the orchestra's superb tone and magnificent quality come through unimpaired. Ormandy's reading is what might be called straightforward and middle-of-the-road, with enough drama and without too much "interpretation."

If you intend adding the Franck symphony to your collection you should hear this, the Monteux set, and the version by Beecham and the London Philharmonic. This last is available only on American and English Columbia (too bad it was never issued here), but you can probably find a copy at your dealer's and it should not be overlooked. Despite the fact that some critics consider it an understatement of the music, it has lyricism and sensitivity of a very high order. Of the three, I prefer it.

#### Briefer Notes

Columbia's 10-inch album of spirituals (eight sides) sung by Paul Robeson is another possibility for your Christmas list. It contains Go Down, Moses; Balm In Gilead; By an' By; Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child; John Henry; Water Boy; Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen; and Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho. The piano accompaniments, and many of the arrangements, are by Lawrence Brown, and while the singing has not, perhaps, quite the spiritual exaltation which Roland Hayes at his best might have achieved, the warm beauty of Robeson's voice comes off these records with great splendor . . . One of the most delightful singles to appear in a long time is Victor 11-9191, on which Beecham and the LPO play the Overture to Mozart's carly opera, The Abduction, from the Seraglio. Sir Thomas is probably the world's foremost Mozartean, and his playing of this ebullient music astonishing drive and sparkle. Recording favors the bass a little, but your tone controls should take care of this . . Columbia and Kostelanetz have col-laborated on an eight-side 12-inch album containing no less than 20 Jerome Kern songs, ranging all the way from Look for the Silver Lining down to the present. Unfortunately André has given these what might be called the full treatment, and the full Kostelanetz treatment has merely turned these eminently singable songs into something which, I suspect, a good many people will not want to hear more than once. However, if you are a Kostelanetz fan you will not agree and had better hear them . . . For modernists: Prokofieff's seventh piano sonata, opus 83, played by Vladimir Horowitz, four 12-inch sides. A forceful and most unusual work by the composer of Peter and the Wolf and the Classical Symphony, here revealing the modern and experimental sides of his brilliant talent. Horowitz introduced this sonata (which won the Stalin Prize for Prokofieff) to America, this is its first recording, and his playing is virile and, technically at least, terrific.

#### Canadian Music

Early in the summer, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's International Service prepared "A First Album of Canadian Music." The set contains four 12-inch records; two sides are given to the Suite Canadienne, by Claude Champagne; the remaining six contain Healey Willan's Concerto in C Minor for Piano



CHRISTMAS week you'll want to keep Open House. Old friends and neighbors will be dropping in to see "the tree," to meet returning members of the family, and to leave their own best wishes for a happy holiday. With the tea tray polished and set up, the prettiest cups handy, and a supply of Christmas cake and cookies ready, you'll be able to offer the pleasantest kind of informal hospitality at a moment's notice.



## This was a day in a dream

CHRISTMAS was today.

As long as I live I'll never forget this moment at the end of Christmas. The snow standing down there on our porch roof like a good meringue... the quiet twinkling stars (really twinkling).

And here, inside, this warm happiness stretching out under everything. Little Dickie tucked in bed between Old Mr. Teddy and New Mr. Teddy.

And Dick . . . just downstairs checking the lights and the fireplace . . . not on the high seas as he was last Christmas. What a thin gray day . . . with very sharp edges!

But today has been heaven...our house full of sunshine and talk and love and new toys and more of our beautiful silver! Two new place settings in our own International Sterling pattern...now our set is complete!

How dear of Dick to think of it. I wrote him once that every time I set our table, the silver he and I had selected together was a sort of bridge . . . between the days when he was home and the time he'd be home again.

We have always been so proud of our International Sterling. So glad we selected the very best from the beginning. Dick couldn't have given me anything today that would have meant more—it's as though he had begun writing Part Two to Our Happiness.

Whenever you choose your "family"

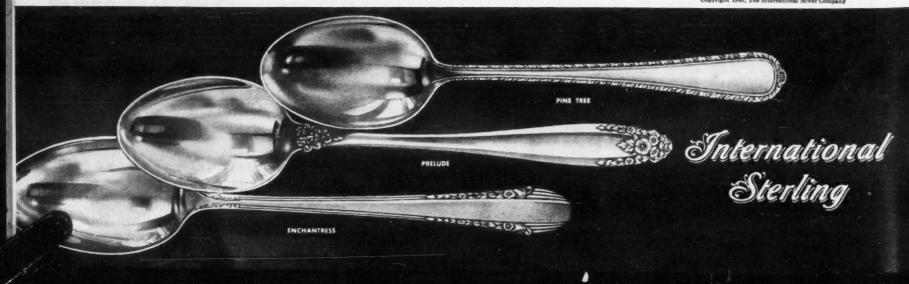
silver, ask your jeweler to show you the International Sterling patterns. One of the designs will say, "I belong to you."

Choose that one with your heart. Your head has already said, "Choose the finest." As long as you live you'll enjoy its silver-solidness; the fine balance of each piece; the clear, beautiful designs.

If you aren't ready yet to buy your complete set of International Sterling, you may prefer to begin with two or four individual place settings: a knife and fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader.

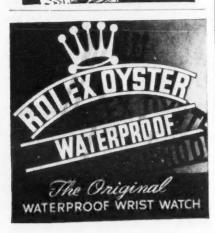
TUNE IN to The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet, Sunday Evenings, 6:00 P.M., E.S.T., Trans-Canada Network.

Copyright 1946, The International Silver Company'









days. Such a tray could include cool crisp sticks of raw carrot, celery curls and spanking red radishes, with olives and gherkins nestling among them.

Now's the time to dust off your precious jars of spiced peaches, water-melon pickle or other favorites you've been saving. And who ever heard of turkey without cranberries?

Cranberry Crunch Relish is a newcomer that will vie for your favor with the tried and true cranberry sauce. Raw cranberries, salted peanuts and lemon go into a huddle to produce this one. Recipe on page 100.

No Christmas dinner would be complete without a special dessert, but alas! such is the willpower of man that many of us find ourselves in the predicament of the small boy who "ate so much of the rare roast beef, he had no room left for the pie." And so, while some people wouldn't think of divorcing plum pudding from turkey, there are others who turn gratefully to a lighter type of dessert.

Christmas Bavarian is just such a one. It's foamy lightness and fresh fruit flavor counterbalance any main course indiscretions.

Ice Cream Logs make an ideal "quickie," It's only a matter of wangling individual rolls of ice cream from your dealer, then rolling these in shaved chocolate (sweet or bitter) crushed peanut brittle, slivered toasted almonds, corn flakes or other crunchy cereal. A similar effect can be achieved by treating scoopfuls of firm, bulk ice cream in the same way. For a finishing touch, top with butterscotch sauce, or a spoonful of marshmallow sauce made colorful with red and green cherry slices.

Sour Cream Topping provides a sophisticated touch for your hot mince tartlets. Just before serving, spoon on the chilled, freshly soured cream mixed with a few drops of lemon juice and a pinch of fruit sugar.

#### Squash in Sour Cream

- 41/2 Cupfuls of diced winter squash
  - 4 Teaspoonfuls of flour
  - 1 Cupful of thick sour cream Salt and pepper

Cook the squash in a little boiling salted water in a covered saucepan until tender. Drain and boil down the liquid to ½ cupful. Mix the flour with the sour cream until smooth, then cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add the squash liquid; season with salt and pepper. Add the cooked squash and reheat. Four to six servings.

### Old English Plum Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 34 Cupful of flour
- 11/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of nutmeg
  1/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of mace
- 11/3 Cupfuls of seedless raisins 1 Cupful of dried currants
- 34 Cupful of figs, chopped
- 34 Cupful of chopped mixed peel
- 1/2 Cupful of dry bread crumbs
- 1 Cupful of hot milk 2/3 Cupful of lard or shortening
- (or ½ Pound of ground fresh beef suet)
  - 1/2 Pound of ground 1/4 Cupful of sugar
  - 4 Eggs, separated
  - 1/2 Cupful of grape juice
    - + Continued on page 99



If you are an income taxpayer with children under 16 years of age, you are advised to register them now for Family Allowances, if you have not already done so.

In that way, taxpayers in all income groups can obtain the full benefit from Family Allowances and the exemption from taxable income of \$100 for each child, as provided for in the Income Tax Amendment passed during the last session of Parliament.

These changes take effect on January 1st, 1947, and from that date on, the Income Tax Department assumes that all taxpayers with eligible children are receiving Family Allowances. However, you MUST REGISTER YOUR CHILDREN to get Family Allowances.

If you have not already done so, follow the instructions below and REGISTER your children NOW.

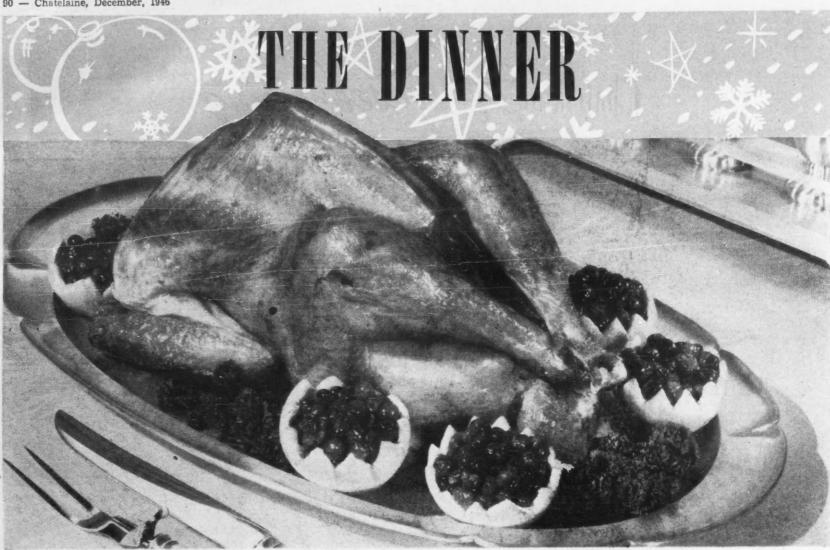
- 1. Family Allowances Registration forms are obtainable at your local post office.
- 2. Fill in the form according to directions. (If you have received Family Allowances previously, please state and give Family Allowances serial number).
- 3. Write on the face of the form: "Payment to Begin, January, 1947".
- Mail it to the Regional Director, Family Allowances in the capital city of your Province.
- DO IT NOW! Your children will be the losers if you do not register in time to start payment in January.

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

if you have not already done so

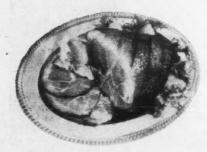
Published under the authority of

Hop. BROOKE CLAXTON, Minister, DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL HEALTH & WELFARE, OTTAWA.



## Ham

Grapefruit Segments in Cranberry Juice **Baked Ham Mustard Sauce Baked Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts** Creamed Onions Celery Radishes Mince Tartlets with Sour Cream Topping Coffee



## Turkey

**Orange Plum Cocktail** Turkey Savory Stuffing Giblet Gravy Cranberry Crunch Relish **Creamy Mashed Potatoes** Squash in Sour Cream **Tossed Salad Tomato French Dressing Plum Pudding** Foamy or Caramel Sauce Fruit Bowl

Coffee

### by JACQUELINE ROY

OR most people, roast turkey heads the list of "Who's Who" on the Christmas menu, but we've a small quarrel to pick with that attitude. Why should turkey be first? We'd put a plump baked ham or fat roast goose on a par with turkey any day! For the past few years we ourselves have been rotating the meats featured at our

dinner. 'Twas baked ham last year, this year it's turkey, and Christmas '47

(we hope) will see a savory goose lording it over the holiday table.

If you've unshakeable convictions about turkey's place at the head of the table, you may find inspiration for the "fixings" from any of the three dinners we've planned. Surprises in the trimmings will of course always be welcomed.

To start off the meal with zip, serve grapefruit segments in slightly sweetened cranberry juice. This can be prepared ahead of time and stored in the refrigerator.

Or begin your Christmas dinner with an Orange Plum Cocktail. Combine five parts of orange juice with one part Goose

Consommé With Parsley Roast Stuffed Goose **Browned Potatoes** Sauerkraut String Beans and Pimento Relish Tray Ice Cream Log or Christmas Bavarian Assorted Holiday Wafers Nuts Coffee



of plum juice-then chill. That's all! There's just enough tartness of plum to tickle the tongue pleasantly.

If time is at a premium, it will take only a jiffy to heat canned consommé. Pretty it up at the last moment with a sprinkling of chopped parsley.

People have come to expect a relish tray on the table these vitamin-conscious

## It's a Tradition!

The custom of stealing a kiss from any maiden, wise (or foolish) enough to linger under the magic mistletoe bough is a reminder of those days. The silvery spray loses its powers soon, however, for, as each young blade filches a kiss, custom says he must pluck a white berry and throw it onto the fire.

The night after the Three Wise Men paid homage to the baby Jesus, so the story goes, an old woman who had been too busy to join the Magi sought for the Child in vain. Ever since that day she has looked for Him at Christmas, going down the chimney of house after house, leaving gifts in the hope that the Christ Child might be there.

You may receive your presents from St. Nicholas or Santa Claus, but Italian and Russian children thank the old lady on her never-ending quest.

There's great division in belief about the proper time to open Christmas presents. Even the "tree" school can't decide whether gifts should be distributed Christmas Eve or Christmas morning.

One family we know has solved the difficulty nicely by carrying the sleepy children in to view the laden tree on Christmas Eve, allowing them to choose one gift apiece, then firmly locking up the room with its glittering treasure

and exciting mysteries until the next

morning.

The "stocking" school, of course, knows that Christmas morning is the only time to enjoy Yuletide gifts.

On Dec. 6, when St. Nicholas (richly attired in mitre and gown) visits Holland and Belgium, he fills little wooden sabots, not stockings, with goodies. And respectful children always leave a full porringer for the refreshment of the good Saint.
In Canada a busy Santa Claus

pauses to enjoy the cold glass of milk and large piece of gingerbread he finds on many a mantelpiece before continuing his long journey on Christmas Eve.

The first Christmas tree is said to have burst miraculously into a blaze of light-hence the candles of grandmother's day and our own twinkling electric lights. Round the tree has grown a wealth of custom, differing in every home, its very decoration dictated by long-established ruling.

One enterprising father we know insists on reconstructing the tree to perfect proportions, lopping off a branch here, inserting it there.

Others of our less particular friends maintain that a Christmas tree is not a Christmas tree unless it's garlanded with popped corn and ruby cranberries painstakingly strung by the children.

Still another family, in happy exile, always place a battered Union Jack and Old Glory on the top of their evergreen. The children of that same family cherish a certain badly smashed bauble, carefully preserved from year to year, to be hung on an inconspicuous limb at the back of the tree. Just for luck!

And so it goes, from home to home . . traditions accumulating, memories

"The boar's head in hand bear we, all decked with bay and rosemary . . . Thus sang the sturdy henchmen leading the procession that preceded an Elizabethan Christmas dinner. The most ♣ Continued on page 99

Spode DINNERWARE Sutherland (BONE CHINA) Modelled from the traditional silver services of England's great ducal families, several Spode Dinnerware patterns follow originals by famed silversmiths of old. See your Spode dealer for the booklet:

"How to Take Care of Spode."

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WHAT is it, that intangible something we call the spirit of Christmas—a hint of snow in the air, the happy bustle of last-minute shopping, the echo of a heart-lifting carol? Perhaps it's the feeling that, for one week at least, we turn our thoughts toward peace on earth, good will to men. Or could it be the sharing of old traditions, their origins half obscured in story, that makes the Christmas season a memorable crescendo at each year's end?

We can thank King Arthur for introducing the Christmas festival to Britain and so to us. That legendary character of knightly splendor is, therefore, indirectly responsible for Christmas trees, holly wreaths and "A Christmas Carol" as told by one Charles Dickens.

It was in the city of Boston that Christmas lights first appeared in doorways and windows. That pleasant custom persists today in the form of simple (and elaborate) electrical displays whose lights wink back at one another and at the gay crowds strolling out to enjoy the sights.

In Italy, France, Spain and southern

In Italy, France, Spain and southern parts of the United States, fireworks mark the Christmas season.

Those out-size candles that have recently appeared at Christmas time hark back to the Yule candle of Merrie



England that burned throughout the twelve days of Christmas, from Dec. 25 to Jan. 6. By its flickering light the Yule log was hauled in, with the help of the oldest and the youngest members of the household, then lit with a brand saved from last year's log.

The waxy mistletoe, beloved of the Druids, was considered a symbol of peace in Old England. Whenever it chanced that men met under a sturdy oak entwined by mistletoe, they laid aside their weapons and embraced as friend instead of foe.



FAVOURITES—Such as Chocolate Cake . . . require the special action of Cow Brand Baking Soda to bring out the true and delicate flavour of the chocolate.

Keep Cow Brand Baking Soda handy. It mellows and lightens all baking. The familiar sealed packages are sold everywhere for just a few cents.



## To a Housekeeper

by M. LOIS CLIPSHAM

slightly in design and in the way they're used—but all of them are good. Choose the style you like the best, and then proceed to enjoy one of the most helpful pieces of equipment to come on the market in many a year.

Something new for cake and biscuit mixing are the nests of colorful opaque glass bowls that have appeared recently. Only the outside of each bowl is colored; the inside is white, revealing the true color of the mix you're working with.

The market abounds with all kinds of little gadgets in metal or plastic to tuck in corners of stockings or to hang from the tree. The sets of vegetable graters, assorted sizes of sieves, cooky cutters and jelly molds that you've missed so much can now be replaced. Brides will appreciate the gift of a long-handled meat fork, pancake lifter and potato masher as well as melon ballers, potato peeler or other special-purpose knives.

A new twist in brushes for household use is the appearance of nylon bristles. The versatile fibres are now being used for pastry, vegetable and bottle brushes. Long wearing and easy to keep clean, these tools will find a place in every kitchen.

Everyone has room for another gadget if it really makes work easier. Don't overlook such helps as: a can opener that swings out from the wall, a set of plastic film bowl covers, quilted oven mitts, a small funnel, and a washable lamb's wool floor polisher that fits your weighted waxer. A small glassed-in vooden cupboard for knives is another nost welcome gift for the careful housewife.

Colored metal is new. By a process known as "anodizing," metals receive a stainproof finish in natural or a range of rainbow hues. You'll see it everywhere soon, in pots and pans as well as the attractive trays, coasters, ash trays and tumblers now on the market. Anodized calendar-pad stands and book ends will dress up your kitchen and, at the same time, help you to organize your work.

Wall-bracket rolls for shopping lists, paper towels and napkins are old and trusted friends. Newcomers are chemically treated paper sheets and rolls—there's one type for dusting furniture and one for cleaning silver. Easing many a small job, they'll soon be seen on every pantry shelf—right next the familiar waxed and parchment paper containers.

Any gift for any occasion carries an extra measure of greeting if it's attractively packaged. Let your practical gifts be as frivolous outside as any other type—bath salts or chiffon hankie. It all adds up to a Merry Christmas.





## With Best Wishes

HIS YEAR, praise be, shops are displaying a fair selection of kitchen tools and gadgets from which to choose practical Christmas gifts. The supply isn't abundant yet, but you'll find it includes many of the labor-saving devices you've been missing for the past six years. Old reliables are back on the market, as well as some tricky new numbers you'll want to try and love to use.

Place your order with Santa Claus now, and put yourself in your friends' shoes when choosing gifts for them!

Small electrical appliances that are such a boon in any home, any size, are playing a return engagement. You'll find streamlined toasters, both pop-up and turnover; smart new waffle irons; electric tea kettles and several styles of grills that have a broiler as well as a top element for toasting or cooking.

An electric mixer has many of the best features of an efficient maid—and never needs a night off. It'll mix a cake for you, whip the potatoes, squeeze your morning fruit juice and make a professional job of mayonnaise.

Your bachelor-apartment friend would approve a glass coffee-maker with its own electric hot plate. A coffeepot is an acceptable gift for any housekeeper for that matter, and you can choose vacuum type, drip, perk, or a plain-Jane pot for boiled coffee.

Vacuum jugs are a blessing when there's sickness in the home. Coffee, soup or meat broth, prepared at breakfast time and stored in the jug, will keep hot for lunch or snacks. And the night you go to bed early when the younger set have planned a skating party, leave the jug filled with soup or cocoa for them.

Steam irons are back, as well as the indispensable featherweight and heavyduty ones. Steam irons of aluminum are remarkably light considering their charge of water, and they're wizards at pressing woollens and rayons. You'll want both steam and regular types if you're the chief pant presser and Tuesday ironer in your home.

You probably spend more time in the kitchen than any other room in the house and that's where you'll appreciate a small table radio, perhaps plastic. Peeling potatoes to sweet music by Frankie or Bing is much more fun than just peeling potatoes.

An electric kitchen clock, shelf or wall type, is practically a must in these days of scientific cooking. You need an accurate timepiece for countless jobs—timing the baby's egg, baking biscuits, pressure-cooking, etc.

Several models of pressure cookers are available this season. They differ



On sale where good electrical appliances are sold

Made and guaranteed by
SUNBEAM CORPORATION (GANADA)
(formerly Flexible Shaft Co., Ltd.,) 321 Weston Rd. S., Toronto 9.
Over Half a Century Making Quality Products

Famous for Sunbeam TOASTER, IRONMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, SHAVEMASTER, etc.

## Meals of the Month

## DECEMBER

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OF SUPPER	DINNER
SUN 1	Baked Apple Cereal Grilled Bacon Marmalade Coffee Tea	Assorted Sandwiches Celery Fresh Fruit Cup Cookies Hot Chocolate	Clear Tomato Soup Rib Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Potatoes Turnips Maple Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
2	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Jelly Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Gherkins Canned Peaches Tea Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Carrots Cole <b>s</b> law Butterscotch Blancmange Coffee Tea
3	Tomato Juice Milk Toast Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Green Salad Stuffed Baked Apples Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Lemon Wedges Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
VED 4	Apple Juice Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Frankfurters Mustard Carrot Sticks Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetable Steamed Mashed Squash Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
ни 5	Stewed Prunes Cereal Grilled Sausages Toast Coffee Tea	Welsh Rarebit Toast Waldorf Salad Cup Cakes Tea	Tomato Juice Oven-cooked Steak Baked Potatoes Peas Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 6	Apples French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Mushroom Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Brown Bread or Rolls Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Boiled Codfish Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Cranberry Crumble Coffee Tea
7	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Scalloped Cod and Potatoes Carrot and Raisin Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Liver and Onions Creamed Potatoes Spinach Apple Dumplings Coffee Tea
SUN	Grapefruit Juice Poached Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Corn Chowder Crackers Gherkins Celery Hot Biscuits Tea Ginger Ale	Smothered Chicken Paprika Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
ion 9	Tomato Juice Cereal with Raisins Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Ketchup Tossed Salad Stewed Apples Ginger Cookies Tea	Barley Broth Grilled Lamb Chops Boiled Potatoes String Beans Baked Custard Coffee Tea
UE LO	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Chopped Egg and Onion Sandwiches Lettuce Salad Sliced Oranges Cocoa Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Baked Stuffed Potato Pepper Squash Scalloped Tomatoes Apple Pie Cheese Coffee Tea
VED	Halved Grapefruit Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Croutons Individual Fruit Shortcake Tea Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Glazed Parsnips Raw Shredded Cabbage Jellied Prunes Cream Coffee Tea
ни 12	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Honey Coffee Tea	Cheese Soufflé Hard Rolls Celery Baked Pears Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clear Soup Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Squast Baked Grape Pudding Coffee Tea
RI 13	Orange Segments Scrambled Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Green Salad Ice Cream Cookies Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie in Milk Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
AT 4	Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Jam Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Crackers Waldorf Salad Rolls Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Veal Lyonnaise Potatoes Buttered Carrots Gingerbread Applesauce Coffee Tea
un L5	Apple Juice Cereal Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Toasted Cheese Sandwich Celery Dill Pickles Grapes Leftover Gingerbread Tea Ginger Ale	Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Spinach Hot Raisin Tartlets Coffee Tea
ion L6	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Bologna and Macaroni Salad Celery Sticks Hot Biscuits Jam Tea Cocoa	Boiled Tongue Mustard Parsley Potatoes Mashed Turnips Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
TUE 17	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Salmon Scallop Brown Rolls Green Salad Fresh Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Omelet Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
VED 18	Tomato Juice Cereal with Chopped Dates Toasted Rolls Honey Coffee Tea	Curried Eggs on Toast Lettuce Salad Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Tongue Fried Potatoes Green Bea Steamed Pudding Brown <b>S</b> ugar Sauce Coffee Tea
THU	Orange Juice Cereal	Cream of Celery Soup Fruit Salad Fresh Raisin Bread	Spareribs Creamed Potatoes Sauerkraut Scalloped Tomatoes



Holiday Cookles—Cream ½ cupful shortening with 1 teaspoonful vanilla and 1 cupful sugar; beat in one egg. Sitt 2¼ cupfuls flour with 1 teaspoonful baking powder and ½ teaspoonful each soda and salt. Add alternately with ½ cupful milk to creamed mixture. Add 1 cupful raisins. Roll dough by teaspoonfuls in wheat flakes. Decorate and bake 2 inches apart on greased cooky sheet in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) 15 minutes. Makes 4 dozen cookies.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 20	Stewed Prunes Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Sardine Sandwiches Raw Carrot and Cabbage Salad Bran Muffins Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Parsley Potatoes Peas and Onion Rings Blancmange with Diced Fruit Coffee
21	Sliced Oranges Creamed Fish on Toast (leftover) Coffee Tea	Oven-baked Beans Chili Sauce Celery Hearts Jellied Prunes Cereal Cookies Tea	Vegetable Soup Frankfurters Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
sun 22	Tomato Juice Cereal Bacon and Eggs Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Fresh Pear and Celery Salad Rolls Layer Cake Hot Chocolate	Grilled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Lice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea
Mon 23	Halved Grapefruit Brown Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Jam Coffee Tea	Beef Broth Sliced Fresh Bologna Potato Chips Mustard Pickle Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew Dumplings Canned Beets Lettuce Wedge French Dressing Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
TUE 24	Applesauce (leftover) Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Salmon and Cabbage Salad Rolls Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Hot Tomato Juice Vegetable Plate (potato au gratin, wax beans, Creole celery, spinach) Jam Tarts Coffee Tea

## Christmas Greetings

Grape Juice Bacon Jam Coffee Tea	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Pickled Onions Fruit Bowl Crackers Cheesc Tea Cocoa	(See menus on page 90)
Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Tea	Spaghetti Tomato Paste Sauce Lettuce with French Dressing Assorted Tarts Tea Cocoa	Casserole of Leftover Fowl Boiled Potatoes Colleslaw Baked Pears Coffee Tea
Cereal with Chopped Figs Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Corn Fritters and Syrup Brown Bread and Butter Grape, Apple and Celery Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Fillets of Haddock Spanish Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas Cranberry Pudding Coffee Tea
Sliced Bananas and Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Toasted Scones Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Potatoes Cabbage Floating Island Custard Coffee Tea
Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Tea	Cold Sliced Corned Beef Potato Salad Dill Pickles Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Consommé Pot Roast of Beef Riced Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Coffee Souffié Coffee
Orange Juice Cereal Jam Coffee Tea	Stuffed Baked Potatoes with Chopped Bacon Carrot and Celery Slaw Baked Lemon Pudding Tea Cocoa	Baked Hash Scalloped Tomatoes Spinach Ice Cream Wafers Coffee Tea
Stewed Prunes French Toast Bran Muffins Coffee Tea	Cream of Potato and Onion Soup Crackers Carrot Sticks Grapefruit and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Brussels Sprouts Sliced Beets Stuffed Baked Apples with Cream Coffee Tea

## YOUR LAST CHANCE TO PURCHASE GIFT ORDERS TO CHATELAINE





## THE GIFT THAT SAYS MERRY CHRISTMAS OVER AND OVER AGAIN . . . . . . .

If you have not already reserved your Chatelaine Gifts for 1946, it is advisable that you do so as quickly as possible. In September the single copy price of Chatelaine was increased from 10c. to 15c., and early in the New Year, the subscription price will be similarly advanced. It will cost you more at that time to obtain a subscription to Chatelaine, Canada's favourite woman's magazine.

You can avoid having to pay more for your Chatelaine by renewing your own and friends' Gift Subscriptions now, while Special Christmas Savings Rates are in effect. You still have a few more days in which to enter your orders before this special offer expires on December 10th.

Chatelaine Gift Subscriptions are the perfect solution to your Gift Problem. They will be appreciated by all your friends fortunate enough to receive them, and you will be remembered for your thoughtfulness in choosing a gift so acceptable, so representative of fine judgment and good taste. Decide now to give a Chatelaine Gift Subscription to everyone on your Christmas Gift List.

## SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

If you order 4 or more Chatelaine Gifts, you may also order Gift Subscriptions to Canada's other most popular magazines, Maclean's, Mayfair, and Canadian Homes and Gardens, at the special low price of \$1.50 each. These prices are good only when Gifts are to be sent to addresses in Canada, and are not valid after Dec. 10th, 1946. No need to send any money with your order unless you wish; we will be happy to attend to your Gift Orders in time for Christmas and bill you for payment after the New Year.

### IMPORTANT REGULATIONS

- 1. Your order must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 10th, 1946.
- 2. No donor may order more than ten Gifts of any one magazine.
- 3. Please indicate on order form below manner in which you wish your Gift Announcement Cards signed.
- List only Chatelaine orders on the Order Form below. Please order other magazines on separate sheet of paper and follow style of Order Form below.

#### ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARD FREE!

To amsunce your Gift of Chatelaine, your friends will receive an attractive Gift Announcement Card in full color. This Gift Card, painted especially for Chatelaine by Canadian artist Francis E. Crack, portrays a charming Canadian snow-scene typical of many is be seen throughout Canada on Christmas morning, and will be sent to your friends all no extra charge is arrive as close as possible to Christmas morning.

MAIL TODAY! THIS OFFER EXPIRES DEC.10, 1946

Please send CHATELAINE to the following for one year —  $\square$  Mail Gift Announcement Cards, on my behalf, to reach them as nearly as possible to Christmas morning - OR - - Send cards to me for mailing. - I enclose remittance of \$ ...... in payment of these orders — OR — □ BILL ME FOR PAYMENT AFTER JANUARY 1, 1947.

1 Name	2 Name	3 Name
Address	Address	Address
City-Prov	City-Prov	City-Prov
	5 Name	YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS
Address	Address	Name
Citu-Prov.		Address Ch-12-46

Place an "X" here if you wish your own subscription included in group.

## The Dinner

Continued from page 91

Sift and measure the flour, then sift again with the salt and spices. Stir in the fruit. Soak the bread crumbs in the hot milk for 10 minutes. Mix the shortening or suet with the sugar, then add the beaten egg yolks. Stir in the soaked crumbs and combine with the flour and fruit mixture. Add the grape juice and mix well. Beat the egg whites until they stand in soft peaks; fold into the batter. Pour into a well-greased mold, cover and steam for 31/2 hours. Twelve servings.

When reheating before dinner allow one hour for steaming

#### Baked Ham

(A Chatelai ie Institute approved recipe)

Scrub the ham, cover with boiling water and bring to the boiling point as quickly as possible. Simmer gently until tender, allowing 30 minutes to the pound. Allow to cool in the cooking liquid.

(The specially processed and packaged hams do not need this simmering; follow the instructions on the package.)

Remove the rind and place the ham, fat side up, in a roasting pan. Score the fat and cover with half cupful of brown sugar mixed with one tablespoonful of dry mustard. Stud with cloves and add about one cupful of orange juice or ginger ale to the pan. Place, uncovered, in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 15

minutes, then lower the temperature to 325 deg. F. and continue baking for about 30 minutes or until thoroughly heated. Baste occasionally with the pan juices during the baking period.

#### Christmas Bavarian

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1 Tablespoonful of plain unflavored gelatine

1/4 Cupful of cold water 11/2 Cupfuls of milk, scalded

1/4 Cupful of maraschino cherry juice

2 Eggs, separated

1/3 Cupful of sugar 1/3 Cupful of cubed orange segments

1/3 Cupful of cubed grapefruit segments

1/4 Cupful of chopped red and green maraschino cherries

2 Tablespoonfuls of sliced blanched almonds

Soften the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add the cherry juice to the scalded milk; beat the egg yolks slightly, combine with the sugar and add to the milk mixture. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly until the mixture coats a silver spoon. Add to the softened gelatine and stir until it is dissolved, then cool until slightly thickened. Fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until they form soft peaks. Stir in the fruit and nuts and chill until firm. Unmold and serve garnished with additional fruit sections. Four to six servings. 4

## It's a Tradition

Continued from page 93

beautiful maiden of the company followed after, holding aloft the platter on which rested a whole roast peacock resplendent in its own jewel-like plumage. On the festive board you'd expect to see a huge "Sir Loin" of beef and 'Scotland's own savory goose," as well as all the fixings.

Reference has been made by no less a personage than Sir Walter Scott to plum porridge and Christmas pie. The plum pudding (or porridge) used to be served as the first course and no man dared refuse a portion. For, an' he did so, he'd lose a friend before next Christmas Day came round.

Mutton pie, very like our mincemeat, was also a must on the menu; its refusal meant bad luck for a year.

Many a toast, "waes hael" (be thou in health), flew merrily round the flowing bowl at Christmas time. An old recipe bids you fill the bowl with hot ale, 12 roasted apples (for the 12 Apostles) each stuck with three cloves to represent the Trinity. Two spoonfuls of honey were added, a piece of toasted bread set afloat in the bowl, and the whole wreathed with holly, before the fragrant punch was ladled out into thick pottery mugs.

In Romania, if you really want good luck, you'll eat an apple on Christmas Eve.

Canadians, in the week between Christmas and the New Year, ensure happiness by sampling a piece of Christmas cake for every month in the year—each cake to be made by different hands.

To make certain that they never

lacked bread during the coming year, our forefathers left a loaf carelessly exposed on the table the evening of the

In many districts the food served on Christmas Eve is just as important as the dinner next day. Oyster stew is favorite with New Englanders; in Albania, pancakes are served; and in French Canada it's pork pie the night before Christmas.

Christmas carols, secular and sacred, weave a glittering thread through the holiday celebrations in every Christian land. From the first weeks of December until Twelfth Night the joyous songs ring out-drifting through open schoolroom windows; falling, softly muted, from happy groups gathered cosily in warm shuttered rooms; echoing through quiet streets as groups of carollers, so aptly called Waits, make tuneful the frosty nights.

Want to inaugurate a charming special ceremony at New Year's? few minutes before midnight have your own and your guests' glasses charged with whatever you like to drink (and it can be innocent!), give out a small piece of paper and a pencil to each, place lighted candles in convenient and safe positions. When the clock on the mantel or in the hall strikes the first note of its twelve, each person must write rapidly his or her private wish for the coming year-Health, Marriage, Fur Coat, or whatever-burn the bit of paper in the candle flame until it's practically all ash, immerse it in the drink and swallow the whole business before the last stroke of midnight! It's exciting and it's fun-and it's an ancient Russian custom that's said never to fail. But you mustn't reveal your wish to anybody else. 4







famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tar





The CHALLENGER - a new, distinctive design with unique style oval handle and wedgeshaped pure badger hair . . . latest addition to the famous Rubberset line. See the complete line at your favourite store today. At all drug and department stores from \$5.00 up.

SHAVING BRUSHES

## Avoid that Christmas Rush

by Jane Monteith

E'RE ALL agreed, surely, that Christmas is the busiest day in the year. No matter how carefully you plan, there's bound to be a last-minute flurry of clearing up after Santa Claus and getting the dinner on the table. But that's all the commotion there should be. If you organize your activities, being quite firm with yourself and your family, things should run smooth as silk.

Shopping, except for those pesky lastminute gifts, should be finished early in the month; Christmas card lists completed and stamps bought for local as well as out-of-town mailing; the tree and the bird ordered for delivery (or pickup) on the 23rd.

If you've parcels to send out of town, get them off well ahead of the post office dead line. It's a good idea to watch the papers for announcements of mailing dates for cards, as well as parcels, and any information concerning special rates or extra trains scheduled for holiday travelling.

Plan and buy gift wrappings as early as possible. The most attractive papers, ribbons and cards are usually displayed early and always disappear quickly.

Well ahead of time, chart, on paper, your menus for all of Christmas week, as well as the dinner itself. It will save a lot of trouble if you can work straight ahead without wondering what on earth to eat come lunchtime. (Chatelaine's Meals of the Month will help here.)

Plum pudding and Christmas cake improve with age. You can make them the first week of December, storing carefully away for the great day. Wrap Christmas cake in heavy waxed paper, tie securely and tuck into a metal box



You can't get through the season without lists, but an early start and concentration make them foolproof.

with a tight-fitting cover. Plum puddings may be tied up in several layers of cheesecloth and stored where there's a good circulation of air. It won't hurt them a bit to dry out a little; a thorough steaming will restore them.

Any special housecleaning should be out of the way before you have to turn all your energies to final preparations.

Plan your work for the last week before Christmas in detail. Don't attempt more than you can manage in one day, but work steadily along.

Wednesday, Dec. 18. Schedule your menus and make out a complete shopping list for Christmas dinner and the week's meals. (Check off each dish as you add its ingredients to your list.)



Clever, clever you! There's nothing so spirit-depressing and time-con-suming as a post office queue later.

Thursday's baking day. Make your cookies and store in airtight containers until you need them on Christmas Eve. Make cranberry sauce, jelly or relish. Covered tightly and stored in the refrigerator, it will keep till Christmas Day.

Friday. Buy your staple groceries. Make pastry for pies, tarts, cheese straws, etc., roll up in waxed paper and store in the 'frig.

Saturday. Buy bread for stuffing you'll want it to dry out a bit. A onepound loaf of bread will make about four cupfuls of medium-dry bread crumbs. Allow 3/4 cupful of dressing to a pound of fowl, undrawn weight.

Sunday. After the sermon and the music, you may feel peaceful and re-Or you may be inspired to write Christmas letters, or wrap gifts.

Monday. Bring home the tree and store in the basement or some cool spot until Christmas Eve.

Do last-minute shopping for perishables, pick up the turkey—if you've room to store it adequately. Bake mincemeat pies, tarts or pastries. Clean the house, then let the family beware!

Tuesday. Wash and prepare salad greens and store in the crisper or refrigerator bag. Scrub vegetables.

Make the dressing. If you've room in the refrigerator for storing, stuff the bird-be sure to cool the stuffing first. Attend to any necessary preparations

for first course and dessert. Decorate the tree—and the house. Christmas Day. Enjoy yourself! +

## DID THE TRICK!

"It's wonderful—How did you know— Exactly what I wanted—and, just think, it's an Heirloom."



If your dealer cannot supply your Heirloom chest immediately he will gladly arrange for later delivery.



## **Chest Cold Misery** Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE

CHEST COLD SORE THROAT IRRITATION

SPRAIN, BRUISE Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE
SORE MUSCLES poultice just hot enough to be comfortable—then feel the moist heat go right to work on that cough, tightness of chest, muscle soreness. Does good, feels good for several hours.

ANTIPHLOGISTINE poul-tice relieves cough, tight-ness of chest cold, bronchial irritation and simple sore

The moist heat of an ANTIPHLOGISTINE poultice also reduces swelling, and relieves pain due to a boil, simple sprain, bruise, or similar injury or condition and limbers up stiff aching muscles. Get ANTIPHLOGISTINE (Aunty Flo)



## "Susan hates homework"



THE teacher says that Susan is a good student in chool-she's bright and very INTELLI-GENT and she pays attention too. she's falling behind the rest of her class, because she just won't do home-

work. I've been afraid to FORCE her to do it, for fear that will turn her against it even more. Susan is interested in schoolbut it looks as though she will have to repeat her grade again next year, unless we can get her to study. Can you help?'

I hope so, mother! It's very important that Susan is helped NOW . . . because this homework trouble is going to hamper all her education if it's not fixed soon. You see, homework has Two roles to fill in a child's life—first, it teaches the child to apply what she has learned in school . . . and second, it develops the child's powers of thought and concentration.

So teach Susan that a certain length of time each day is set aside for her homework and study. Get her a desk or table of her own and place it in a quiet part of the house. And, during "homework-time," while Susan works at her desk, it will help a great deal if you do some homework too! Yes, mother, sit near Susan, quietly knitting or mending or writing letters— it will help her to understand how natural it is for EVERYONE to do homework!

Be patient with your daughter and praise her when she does study well . . . but be FIRM about her homework time, because a lot of Susan's future success depends on her developing powers of THOUGHT and CONCENTRATION

## **Breakfast Gloom?**

If your children don't enjoy breakfast and refuse to eat dull, unappetizing cereals -brighten up the meal for them! Serve the cereal that's amusing as well as appetizing—Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Let the kiddies listen to the merry Snap-Crackle-Pop that Rice Krispies make in milk or cream. They'll be saying "More Rice Krispies, please!" Rice Krispies is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited, for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

### THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-22, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"Phyllis was painfully shy . . ." writes Mrs. Grimes

"Our oldest daughter dreaded taking part in games with other children—she just wanted to sit by the radio and read. However, we finally entered her in a figure-skating class—it helped such a lot! Her color and appetite improved, and she learned to skate and play with others. She has become quite ambitious, and realizes now that her games at school will keep her strong and healthy . . . that it's fun to mix with people!"



# Coeliac

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

HIS is fortunately not a common disease, especially in its severe form, as the modern physician is on the lookout for it in its early stages. It usually begins rather insidiously toward the end of the first year and is most frequently seen in the second and third year. The common symptoms as the trouble progresses are lack of appetite, fatigue, large foul bowel movements, periodic attacks of diarrhoea, a very prominent abdomen, irritability, pallor and markedly decreased growth.

The underlying cause is not known, but in some cases it is associated with a chronic infection, in the tonsils for instance, or it may follow an intestinal infection. We know from well-standardized tests that a child suffering from this disease cannot absorb or take into his body the sugars and starches in his foods as well as a normal child. Neither can he use the facts as efficiently as he should. On X-ray examination you can also see that his digestive tract is less active than normal. So although the exact cause has not been found, we do know a good deal about the disturbances it causes in the body.

As the child has difficulty with carbohydrates (starches and sugars) and fats, the diet used is usually high in

As the intestines are not functioning efficiently, the diet is also low in cellulose, so that their work is reduced to a minimum. The diet should be prescribed by your physician and you should follow his advice to the letter. Don't alter it without his advice.

Train the child in other ways as if he were perfectly healthy, as far as that is possible. One of the discouraging parts about this disease is that if he catches an infection, such as a cold, it makes his coeliac condition much worse. He will likely lose a good deal of weight during the infection and he will have to go back to a simpler diet. So you should keep him away from other people who have colds and out of crowds in the wintertime. In fact you should do everything you can to prevent his catching colds or other infections.

Many physicians treat coeliac patients in the early stages by giving them special injections of liver and vitamin B complex. In some cases this is very effective, but it may have to be repeated. Of course it is only after he has examined your child that your physician can decide whether to use this form of treatment or not.

Coeliac disease is a slow business. You have to be patient, but with care the child will probably come through all right in the long run. Possibly he will not be able to eat as much sugar as a normal child for a good many years. • After me...
you come
first!

Sorry Mommy, but until the full amount can reach the market again, I'll have to keep Baby's Own Soap for muself."

Baby's tender skin demands something better than a general purpose soap. Baby's Own Soap and other Baby's Own Toiletries are made especially for baby with only the mildest, purest ingredients entering into their composition. The result of 75 years of research and scientific development, no wonder thousands of doctors recommend Baby's Own as the best soap for baby.

Save it for baby's tender skin.







## **But GAYLA HOLD-BOBS** kept her hair smart for dad

• Invisible heads, rounded-for-safety ends, long-lasting, springy action make Gayla Hold-Bob pins a national favourite brand.



MADE BY HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY OF CANADA (1940) LTD. . ST. HYACINTHE, P. Q.



BOBBY PINS



Orange Cranberry Sauce. Boil together 1/2 cupful each of corn syrup and sugar and 1 cupful of water for five minutes. Add 2 cupfuls of cranberries, simmer for five minutes. Add sections of 2 peeled oranges. Makes 2½ cupfuls. Good with cold roast turkey.



Cranberry Crunch Relish. Put 2 cupfuls of cranberries and half a lemon, unpeeled, through a food chopper. Stir in 1/2 cupful of diced celery and 3/4 cupful of sugar. Chill. Just before serving, add 1/4 cupful of chopped salted peanuts. Makes one pint. A new relish for your Christmas dinner!



Cranberry (Deep Dish) Crumble. Bring 1 cupful each of sugar and water to a boil; add 2 cupfuls of cranberries. Simmer five minutes. Add 1 tablespoonful of grated orange rind and 1 cupful of chopped cooked prunes. Pour into 4 individual baking dishes. Combine 4 tablespoonfuls of flour and 2 tablespoonfuls each of sugar and shortening. Add 1 cupful of corn flakes and sprinkle over fruit. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) 15 minutes. Serve warm or cold. Nice for Boxing Day with cold fowl and salad.



## Round the Hearth

Continued from page 56

cially by the experts who make the dampers essential for good operation. A leading manufacturer, listing the steps to be taken in designing a fireplace, says it's important to relate the size of the fireplace to the size of the room in which it is located. It should not dominate the room, but on the other hand it must not be too small to heat it. Normally, the area of the fireplace opening should be about one thirtieth the floor area of the room. A small fire in a small fireplace throws more heat than the same fire in a large fireplace.

Below the hearth, which usually consists of a reinforced concrete slab topped by fireproof finish, it is customary to provide an ash pit. An ash dump,

SANTA'S GOT

CURLS TOO!

Guess his Mummy used Nestle

Baby Hair Treatment when he was

a baby-just like mine does! It's easy too-she massages it into my

scalp after she baths me. Lots of

babies I know want curls-so I'm

asking Santa to tuck a bottle of

Nestle Baby Hair Treatment in

their stocking

Nestle

BABY HAIR

TREATMENT

\$ 125 BOTTLE MAKES

ONE QUART

Can Strate

preferably the automatic type, is set flush with the face of the hearth. clean-out door should be installed at the bottom of the pit. It can open into the basement or, if the house has no basement, it can open on the outside.

Once the correct size of the fireplace has been settled, tables of measurements giving standard proportions as to widths, heights and depths should be con-sulted. These tables are in the possession of architects, builders, and damper dealers. An adequate size for many living room fireplaces is a front opening 34 inches wide by 30 inches high, with depth of 20 inches. The height is kept low to decrease the danger of smoking.

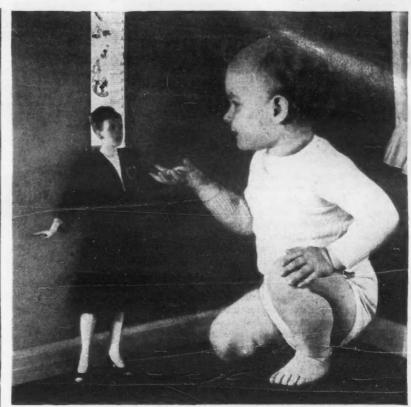
In the building of a fireplace, it is important to have expert advice on the spot, in order to check all technical details such as angles of opening, throat, smoke chamber, wind shelf, position of flue, and chimney height. All these have a relation one with another, and a bearing on fireplace

REGARDLESS of how well it is designed, a considerable amount of heat is lost up the flue of the conventional fireplace or absorbed in its back wall. A fireplace with three or four times greater efficiency has been made possible by development of a metal fireplace unit now on the market. Scientifically designed and manufactured to precision standards, it eliminates any doubt about correctness of size or proportion. Set on the hearth, the unit makes an ideal form round which to build the fireplace. -and it may be finished in practically any style to harmonize with the room. Not only does it radiate heat from open flames, but, by means of air chamber behind the hot back wall of the fireplace, it provides for flow of warm air through a system of ducts and grills. Even the farthest corners of the room can be warmed.

As well as incorporating air chamber, ducts and grills in its design, the fireplace unit has a built-in smoke chamber. wind shelf and adjustable throat damper. The unit aims at the elimination of faults that cause ordinary fireplaces to fail, and the recovery of a large percentage of heat now lost.

There are two ways in which air for combustion may be obtained. One, the fresh-air method, introduces outside air into the unit; the other, the recirculating method, pulls outside air in through cracks around windows and doors. In the first type, fresh air enters the heating chamber through an opening in the masonry wall at the rear of the fireplace. After passing over the hot back wall of the fireplace unit it's delivered to the room in the form of fresh, heated air. In the second type, no provision is made for fresh air other than by infiltration around windows and doors, but it is designed to direct air drawn from the room toward the centre of the unit, then expel it, thus increasing heating efficiency.

A third type of manufactured fireplace unit is available which combines both fresh air and recirculating features. If desired the fire may be used in the usual way to heat the room in which the fireplace is located, while the warm air ducts extend to other rooms. In this way a source of heat for the whole house is provided. This type is popular for summer cottages or ski lodges. .



# "Think you measure up, Mom?"



BABY: Now I've trimmed you down to my size, Mom - still think you measure up as a mother?

MOM: Honey, I feel about so-o-o big! I'd completely forgotten what it's like to be a baby, wriggling and twisting all day. If your skin gets this uncomfortable, no wonder you how!!

BABY: Ha, Mom! I thought this would show you that a baby's skin needs extra care. I wouldn't have to howl if you treated me right with Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: If that's the answer, lamb-have

both, if you need 'em!

BABY: I definitely do, Mommy. After my tub, a nice, gentle smoothover with Johnson's Baby Oil, to help keep me a real Satin-Skin. Don't forget it at diaper changes, tooto help prevent what my doctor calls "urine irritation."

And between times, you can bring on the Johnson's Baby Powdercool, snowflakey-soft sprinkles of it, so chafes and prickles never have



MOM: Half-Pint, you're smarter than your Mom! Let's go get some Johnson's and make this a big day!



## Johnson's Baby Oil Johnson's Baby Powder



Johnson Johnson

## Stop Baby's Sniffles



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Training Your Child

## By DR. WILLIAM E. BLATZ

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.

## Capacity and Learning

IUMAN CHILDREN are born very young. This is not as silly a state-ment as it first appears, because compared to other animals, human children have the longest period of childhood. This lengthened period is very salutary because it is during childhood that children learn to become adults. The longer they have to learn, obviously the more they can learn. Kittens stay kittens only a short time. They haven't much to learn from their parents and can soon fend for themselves. Most of their behavior patterns are fixed. The human infant has few fixed behavior patterns and hence must be cared for longer, but the sacrifice in fixed patterns is made up for by the enormous possibilities of learning.

Because learning is an individual

Because learning is an individual affair one would expect that children as they grow up to be adults would show many individual differences. Each human being is an individual person and although he looks and often acts like other persons, he is quite different. The similarities are so often emphasized that we forget and often overlook the differences, which are more important than the similarities.

Now intelligence is a word that is used by every one of us and often in a confusing way. An intelligent person is one who does something skilfully. We can only judge a person's intelligence by what he does. If he reads well, paints well, plays the piano skilfully, talks in an interesting manner, performs a difficult operation successfully, we are inclined to speak of him as an intelligent person, whereas we think of someone who does nothing well as unintelligent.

But this is a far too simple idea of intelligence. It is not just a simple plus or minus something. When an individual does anything well, or, as we say, has learned to do something, there are three factors involved: motivation, capacity and persistence; or in simpler language, a child never learns to do a thing unless first he wants to, secondly, he is fundamentally capable, and thirdly, he practices and puts forth effort. So that whenever one hears a child playing the piano well, one knows at once that he wants to play the piano for some reason or other, that he has a capacity for moving his fingers and co-ordinating his muscles, and that he has practiced that particular piece or like it to the degree of the skill that he shows. If one heard another child of the same age playing the same piece equally well, one would be inclined to say, "Here are two equally intelligent children." But if we examine these children further we may discover that the one practiced three hours a day whereas the other practiced only one.

It is obvious then that the latter either wanted to play the piano more earnestly than the former and hence put more effort into his shorter practice periods or that his fundamental capacity was greater. If we had another boy of the same age playing the same piece indifferently well, we would be inclined to say that this child was less intelligent than the other two. But if on further enquiry we found that his mother had to drive him to the piano, that he did not want to play the piano and that his practice periods were few and far between, we would have to conclude that his indifferent playing was because of lack of incentive and lack of persistence rather than lack of capacity.

What is true of piano playing is true of arithmetic, reading, baseball, cooking, swimming and everything. We know that children are born with different capacities, but that the opportunity for motivating them and hence developing stick-to-itiveness is probably equal in all children. A child of high capacity who doesn't want to learn anything and who sticks at nothing will appear very unintelligent, whereas a child of mediocre capacity but great industriousness might show remarkable talent in some direction.

Since the child is born with a certain capacity, it is obvious that the parent can only function in the direction of motivating him and developing persistence. There is prevalent in many communities an intelligent snobbery in which the adults particularly consider that skills in purely academic fields are the only ones that represent intelligence. Such an attitude, of course, represents a false value of life. The academic pursuit is only one of the many directions in which children may profitably be guided. We tend to scorn the handicrafts because they are not intellectual. We look upon the overall as being inferior to the white collar.

If a child is not doing well academically we think of him as a failure. In certain school systems he is placed in a "special" class which his contemporary Brahmins call the "nut" class. This, of course, is only a reflection of adult snobbishness. If we were sensible in our educational outlook we would appreciate the matter of individual differences mentioned above. We would not try to fit all of our children into the same mold.

If we recognized that capacities differ but that motivation and persistence can be equally developed in all children, we would not look upon the possession of capacity as a measure of high or low position but rather would consider that each child should be permitted to develop his capacities to the fullest extent in many directions. There is no such thing as a "dumb" child. All children can learn and do learn. It is only adults who place this stigma on some children because they do not, and often cannot, learn what we mistakenly think they should. The joy and thrill of learning is inherent in all children.

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## The Message Remains

S I look back on it from this comfortable distance of middle age, there was just one Christmas that chalked itself up in memory as a notable flop. That was the time I put away my personal Santa Claus, forever, along with baby shoes and teddy bears. It happened, not in the modern manner as a carefully approached decision, guided on the one hand by psychology-wise parents and on the other by blunt discussions with little friends in the nursery-school crowd—no, it happened quite without warning or preparation, and, more quickly than it takes to tell it, the great illusion of childhood went abbt.

Christmas Eve had been exciting as usual, and the youngest in the family had been permitted to stay up late, to hang a stocking, sing a song, and—fatal error—to take over that last small chore in the kitchen, stuffing dates. No one else liked them, no one else could be bothered, but here was a job just right for a seven-year-old determined to postpone bedtime. If you were wily you could make it last by pencilling faces on Brazil nuts before inserting them, or you could steal some leftover almond icing for the middle, just for a change. And when you finally stumbled upstairs at 10, you knew you had a big plateful of custombuilt sweets for yourself and the neighbors when they called next morning to see what Santa Claus had left in your stocking.

But eight or nine hours later you were no longer a happy, greedy youngster on the most wonderful morning of the year. You were a forlorn tear-soiled creature, holding a handful of your own stuffed dates, so easily identifiable, brought up from the toe of the stocking. You had been the victim of a mean joke. There was no benevolent Old Gentleman, no miracle. You became perforce an Unbeliever in Christmas magic, and you were totally and miserably upready to be a believer in the south.

unready to be a believer in the truth.
"There is no Santa Claus." It's a threadbare phrase of disillusionment, yet an awful lot of us, even while mouthing it, still cling to the idea that sometime, somehow, he might come down the chimney again and bring us those splendid, lasting gifts which we are too tired, too uncaring, too self-indulgent to strive to get on our initiative. We expect someone outside ourselves to proceed with the miracle of peace and good will and understanding and future security without the necessity of exerting ourselves. We are even ready to welcome it as an overnight visitation, quite in the style of Christmas Eve itself, and read with our morning coffee that all peoples are now one in high purpose, that fears can be put back on the top shelf to gather dust, that the mysterious new energy which devastated Hiroshima can also be humanity's obedient servant. And even while we are murmuring, "How nice," and folding up the paper, we shall, if we are not terribly careful, be slipping back into our old routine of prejudices and suspicions and irresponsibility, unaware that the creation of a new world, when it does come, must mean the rebirth of every human being who inhabits it.

For adults everywhere, this Christmas, surely, should give us pause to remember, reflect, and prepare. There is no Santa Claus, but there is still the solemn promise, on which all Christendom is founded, that peace on earth is possible if we can be worthy of it. The message remains—shall we heed it?

Mary Slla Mayberson



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